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REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

A RUSSIAN GENERAL'S MILITARY REFLECTIONS ON TURKEY.

Military Reflections on Turkey. By Baron Von Valentini, Major-General in the Russian Service. Extracted and Translated from the General's Treatise on the Art of War. By a Military Officer. With a Map and Plan. 8vo. pp. 102. Rivington. London, 1828.

THE history of nations can hardly afford a more striking contrast, or a more valuable lesson, than that which is presented by the past and present situations of the two great despotisms of modern Europe. Spain, which made more rapid and determined strides to universal empire than any on record, if we except those of Napoleon,—and more formidable, perhaps, without any exception,—Spain, whose downfall, like that of the great ravager to whom we have alluded, dates from the destruction of her proudest armament, not by the enemy, but by the elements, (for 'the stars in their courses fought against Sisera,')—Spain, which was so long the war-cry of terror, is now sunk into a by-word of contempt. Turkey, as it most closely resembled this unhappy land in its political institutions, has also sunk the nearest to its level of insignificance and degradation. They are, at this moment, the only two countries in Europe, which are at once rent by domestic insurrection, and insulted by foreign interference,—an interference, which, while it assumes the name of *alliance* in the one case, and of *mediation* in the other, can only be justified in either, by the utter impotence and incapability of managing their own affairs, to which a vicious and destructive system has at last reduced them. The power of the Turks has ebbed so rapidly, and the terror which they once inspired has been so completely superseded by insignificance, that we read the story of their renown with a kind of bewildered incredulity. It has already become like

'The echo of an unrepeatable sound,
That dies away to silence.'

And yet, (not to recur to Mohammed II., who, in the 15th century, extinguished the last embers of the Roman Empire in the blood of the last Roman Emperor, and awed both Germany and Italy with the terror of his arms, little more than a century and a half has elapsed since a regular form of prayer against the Saracens was recited in almost all the churches of Christendom, and listened to by the faithful with a thrill of living fear,—since the kingdom of Poland was tributary to the Crescent, the capital of Austria besieged by a Turkish armament, and Louis XIV. of France concentrating his forces to oppose their further progress *on his own frontier!* At the present day, the Turks themselves have forgotten to dream of offensive warfare; the Danube may be considered as the last bulwark which remains to the city of Constantine, and the ultra-Danubian principalities themselves as but feeble outposts, ready to be evacuated on the first gleaming of a Christian bayonet, or echo of an 'infidel' cannon. The question is now only as to the shortest route to the shores of the Bosphorus; and even that feeble and degenerate Greece, which was twice wrested by the Ottoman hordes from the sympathies of all Europe, has continued for seven years, single-handed, by little more than the *vis inertiae* of resistance, to baffle all the efforts of the Muslim empire, and has seen successive floods of invasion dash themselves to atoms against the bases of her mountain barriers. To use the picturesque

expression of Valentini, (p. 5,) 'It is, in fact, only the jealousies and rivalries of the Christian Powers, which still support the Crescent upon the horizon of Europe.'

It is generally supposed, that the Turks lost their military superiority over the Christian armies by merely remaining stationary, while their enemies were advancing, in the art of war,—rivetted down, as it were, to their old customs, while the tide of improvement was raising all around them to a higher level. It is probable, however, that in addition to this cause, there has been in operation an actual degeneration among themselves; and this opinion is suggested by facts:

'It is worthy of remark,' observes our author, 'that Montecuculi, alike distinguished as a great general and a military writer, should present to us the Turks as models for imitation in war, as much on account of the wisdom with which they undertake it, as of the manner in which they conduct it; and that he should consider their marches, their encampments, and their dispositions for battle, equally worthy of commendation: nor did the victory of St. Gothard, which he gained in 1664, as generalissimo of the Christian army, shake the high opinion which he had previously formed of his enemies.'

At the present day, amid the masses of confusion and insubordination which a Turkish army exhibits, and the weakness and uncertainty which mark their plans of campaign, we look in vain for any thing to justify the praises of this eminent commander, or to mitigate our emotions of astonishment and contempt:

'It is known that the Asiatic troops, which comprise the principal force of the Turks, abandon the field in winter; but Warrey's assertion, that they commence their march homewards so early as the month of July, is certainly an exaggeration. Even the Janissaries are by no means partial to winter campaigns, and, after having supported, for a time, the fatigues of war, long to return to their homes, where they follow different trades and occupations, and cannot therefore be said to be imbued with martial ardour. As to the cavalry, the nature of the country may in some degree excuse their returning home at the commencement of winter. The Albanians, the Macedonians, and the ancient Thracians,—children of the soil which gave warriors to Pyrrhus and Alexander,—are the only troops which still remain under arms, even during the most rigorous season, provided the horse-tail is planted by an energetic Pasha, such as old Ali of Janina.

'In general, the defence of towns is the only part of the art of war in which the Turks still maintain their ancient national bravery. Places, most imperfectly fortified, which European troops and engineers would have considered it impossible to defend for any length of time, were often purchased by the Russians at a great loss of men and time. This may proceed in some degree from the tranquillity and inactivity of the Turk, who is unwilling to move, and who will remain for whole weeks in a cave, abandoning himself to his inevitable destiny, indifferent to every thing which happens near him, or to what the morrow may bring forth. Panic terror, which has always so powerful an effect upon an undisciplined and impassioned multitude, is the only favourable chance which the besiegers have to expect; and will often cause a Turkish garrison to abandon the place, in a state of wild desperation, if a road be left open for its flight. It is even remarked by Borenhorst, that, in such cases, the belief in predestination serves as a cloak for cowardice. We may, however, consider it as a general rule, that the Turks will maintain the defence to the very last, and that the great strength of their garrisons, and their actual luxury in point of arms, will always render an assault one of great bloodshed and danger. Every Turk, when properly armed, carries with him, besides his musket, at least one pair of pistols, a sabre, and a long, and somewhat curved, dagger or knife, (the inward curve having the

sharp edge), called a *hinschal*, which he uses principally in cutting off heads. This weapon, which is about two feet long, is not unlike the Roman short sword, and at the brilliant era of the Ottomans, it may have been proved not less formidable in the *mêlée* than was the latter, with which the legions subdued the world. Hence it is very evident, that, in scaling a rampart, the European soldier, with his musket and fixed bayonet, is placed under great disadvantage against an enemy so well armed both for attack and defence.'

The decided opinion of an experienced soldier, that European discipline is inapplicable to a Turkish force, may be worthy of consideration by those who look upon the reforms introduced by the present Sultan, as likely to produce a regeneration of the Turkish power:

'It is possible that the engineers of Louis XIV. introduced among them something of European tactics, of which, however, in other respects, no vestige is to be found at present. In general, they are by no means imitators, and this is, perhaps, their greatest wisdom. An enlightened sovereign, far from attempting to introduce among them any thing of European practice, would rather seek to develop those peculiar qualities of which the germ evidently exists in these extraordinary people; and they might then again become formidable, if not to the whole of Europe, at least to the neighbouring states.'

The following passages will be read with interest, as describing the military peculiarities of this singular people:

'Formerly, the total want of light infantry in the unwieldy European armies must have given a great advantage to the Turks. In all the accounts of that, and even of a more recent period, the Janissaries are extolled as the first light infantry in the world. They could not, however, have been very efficient at that time; as we may easily infer from their having been formidable only in intersected ground, and from the European cavalry never having feared them in the plain.

'The Turkish light cavalry have sustained their reputation to a more recent epoch. The being on horseback is quite a national habit. Travellers relate that, in the East, when proceeding from place to place on horseback, the Turkish guide ascends and descends the mountains at a gallop, over bushes and rocks, and puts to shame the European horseman, who fears to follow him.

'The same boldness is to be found in the masses. "The Turkish cavalry," says an experienced witness, "disperses itself in the mountains amid rocks and bushes, and then debouches unawares by the most narrow paths, without fearing any disorder, since it is not accustomed to be in order. Hence it is extremely dangerous in an intersected country; it passes through places which seem impracticable, and suddenly appears upon the flank or rear of the enemy. Two or three men advance, and look about them: then you will see all at once five or six hundred, and woe to the battalion that marches without precaution, or which is seized with a panic." This, however, only relates to the flower of the Turkish cavalry, known under the name of Spahis: there is a vast number of Asiatic rabble on horseback, to which this description does not at all apply.

'It cannot be denied, that our cavalry is inferior in comparison with the rest of our army, when opposed to the Turks. Being completely dependent on the protection of the batteries and squares of battalions, we cannot expect those grand, bold, and decisive effects, which are otherwise peculiar to it. It is only when the enemy is in full retreat, or half-beaten, that it can abandon its defensive position, so little consonant to its nature. In earlier times, however, the sword and lance of the knight have proved formidable to the sabre of the Saracen; and even in our own, individual combat has begun to be practised with success. The Christian horseman, conscious of his power and dexterity in the use of his weapons, will courageously attack the Spahi, but will probably confide more in the lance than the sabre, which the latter wields with a de-

gree of perfection which we can scarcely hope to attain.* It is natural, however, that when our adversary possesses a decided superiority in any particular thing, we should oppose to him something else which might place us on a more equal footing with him; and, in this respect, therefore, the well known saying of Montecuculi, that the pike is the queen of arms, seems particularly applicable.

Russia is the most formidable enemy of the Turks, not only from her actual superiority, but from the opinion generally entertained among that people. In conformity with an ancient prophecy, the Turks consider it as doomed, by their immutable destiny, that they will be driven out of Europe by a neighbouring people, whom they believe to be the Russians, and whose sovereign will enter their capital in triumph. The idea of returning, at some future period, to Asia, whence they came, is tolerably familiar to the most enlightened among them; and they even appear to consider their establishment in Europe, as nothing more than an encampment. We may therefore easily conceive, that they do not enter the field against Russia, with that joyful ardour which is inspired by a presentiment of victory.

The great disadvantage of their relative position with Russia, appears from the fact, that, since the time of Peter the Great, they have never been the aggressors in any war with that power. Even admitting that, when instigated by Charles XII., who had taken refuge among them, they commenced the celebrated campaign of the Pruth, which ended so disastrously for the Russians, we must recollect that the settlements of the latter upon the Black Sea, and their intercourse with the Cossack hordes, had already given sufficient provocation. The subsequent war, from 1736 to 1739, in which Field-Marshal Münch bore a distinguished part, brought these light troops completely under the banners of Russia, and thus added to the preponderance which she had already gained over the Turks in point of tactics and discipline. Nor did the Cossacks lose by the change; they having imbibed as much as was really useful to them, without losing any thing of their peculiar character. The Spahis are not at all to be compared with them in the look-out, in cunningness, or in patience; and although the proud Turkish horse looks like a Bucephalus, by the side of their modest hacks, yet, notwithstanding this advantage, they know how to avoid, with great dexterity, the impetuosity of his attack. The talent which the Cossacks possess for exploring a country, and for finding their way every where, is more useful to the Russian army in a war in Turkey than in any other. In waste and deserted countries the Cossacks, forming scouring parties in advance, supply, in a great measure, with their natural penetration, the defect which still exists in regard to correct maps of this part of the world. No movement of the enemy can be concealed from them; no scout can escape them; and every thing which the country, forming the seat of war, yields in the way of provision, they collect for the subsistence of the army. That which happened to the Russians in their campaign on the Pruth, surrounded and starved

as they were by clouds of light cavalry, would also be the fate, at the present day, of every Turkish army which might venture to oppose them in any thing like an open plain.*

General Valentini seems to consider the conquest of Constantinople by the Russians, in one, or at most in two, campaigns, as perfectly practicable and easy. He only demands, for this purpose, an army of 200,000 men; those required for the reserve, for supplying losses by disease and the sword, and for keeping up the communications, included; together with a flotilla on the Black Sea, to advance on a parallel line along the coast. The country, he asserts, has resources enough, in the degree of cultivation and trade which it enjoys, to facilitate military operations very considerably; and he devotes a long chapter to the strategical details of a plan of invasion and conquest, calculated upon these data.

The justice of carrying these magnificent arrangements into execution does not appear to enter into the baron's calculations. One argument, however, we do find adduced in favour of it, which, from the incidental and matter-of-course style in which it is stated, he seems to look upon as quite decisive of the point. It is founded upon the assertion, (p. 3.) that 'a peace with the Turks is, in reality, nothing more than a truce concluded for a certain number of years. The Crescent, a significant emblem, must extend itself over the whole terrestrial globe. The followers of Mohammed are bound, in conformity to the precepts of that prophet, and those of Osman, the founder of the Turkish empire, to carry on a continual war with the nations which do not share in their belief; and, of course, as we are left to conclude that those, who are thus denounced, have a right to take every advantage in return. But true as may be the facts here stated, we confess we are not altogether satisfied with the reasoning to which they are made to serve as a support. People are too generally inclined to attach a great practical importance to the dogmas of particular religions, while, in reality, they are always postponed to the interest of the moment, or the common impulses of human nature. Thus our author himself informs us, (p. 93.) that the pursuit of navigation was expressly forbidden to all Mussulmans by their very highest spiritual authority, and that this prohibition was powerless against the promptings of political ambition. Coffee and opium were forbidden by the Koran equally with wine. (p. 95.) and, in this instance, the injunction of Heaven was superseded by mere animal inclination. Religious dogmas, in fact, whether for good or for evil, will only be influential while they are productive of advantage or of gratification. So long as the Turks found that war was a succession of victories, and peace but an interruption to conquest, this command of their prophet would, no doubt, be quoted with delight and obeyed with enthusiasm,—and other nations, with no such dogma of faith to plead in their excuse, would 'do likewise,' from a principle of ambition; but when the uniform result of hostilities became loss, and disappointment, and defeat, then would this part of the Mahomedan revelation remain, as now, in abeyance, and the sacred duty of propagating their faith by the sword would be as much neglected as the troublesome obligations of benevolence or self-denial.

As if it were to illustrate the more forcibly the utter inefficacy of religious principles, whether forbearing or aggressive, when placed in competition with political considerations, we find our Christian author himself, after having taken anticipated possession of Constantinople, proceeding to act upon the same convenient maxims of political honesty which he ascribes to the infidels. 'The river Prusak,' he says, (p. 90.) 'the Tymbri of the ancients, might become the provisional boundary of the Ottoman empire, to be forced still further back upon a future convenient occasion;'

and he proceeds to support this idea by reasons of convenience and expediency, as relating to the territories already acquired,—reasons far more powerful than all the dogmas in the Koran, and which might be equally urged on every convenient occasion, till the Christian conquests were pushed to the frontiers of the 'Celestial Empire,' or the shores of the Pacific Ocean.

In the same Christian spirit is the plan, which he proposes, of a perpetual war upon this perpetually receding boundary, and which is too good a thing not to be given in his own words.

'The great improvements which have been effected in our military system, certainly leave us little reason to dread a repetition of what was experienced by the Christian powers of former times. But it will be absolutely necessary that the colonies which may be founded in the conquered territories, should not lay by their arms, but that they should be maintained by the contingents which the mother countries will be obliged to furnish, during several generations, for the general security of Europe. In that part of the world, it might also prove a salutary measure to revive the ancient orders of chivalry, constituted and organized conformably with the spirit of the age. The conquered country, which the component parts of its military state would intimately connect with the European powers, far from becoming an apple of discord, would rather prove the means of establishing among them new ties of amity. The superfluity of the population of Europe would there find convenient settlements; and its youth, with highly excited ardour, would also repair thither to seek an opportunity of gaining spurs. This practical military school, situated at the extremity of the civilized continent, would be productive of general advantage; and Christian nations would no longer conceive themselves obliged to make war upon one another from time to time, in order to maintain among them a true military spirit.'

Thus is the ebullient valour of Europe to find a safe and convenient vent, so that Christians shall not be compelled to recommence cutting the throats of each other, until, unfortunately, there shall be no Turks left, upon whom we may continue to perform that indispensable exercise!

The translation before us is well executed, and accompanied by a map of the probable theatre of war, with a plan of Shumla, which may be called the Turkish Thermopylae. Its publication is also peculiarly well timed to meet the wide and intense interest which is excited by the events of the day. The Turkish dominion in Europe seems to be rapidly approaching its dissolution; and every one must feel anxious to know whether it will submit quietly to its fate, or whether it possesses sufficient remaining strength to shake, in its expiring convulsions, the pillars of European tranquillity. The opinions of the Baron Valentini on this subject, although of course not formed with a reference to existing circumstances, and perhaps the more on that account, are well worthy of attention, both from his own high military character, and from the fact of his having served in the country whose capabilities he discusses. From his testimony, then, it would appear that Turkey is arrived at such a pitch of feebleness and disorganization, as to be utterly unable to resist a vigorous demonstration from her formidable northern neighbour, and that much must be done before she can even be rendered capable of co-operating efficaciously with a powerful alliance in her own defence. The Greek question, while it furnishes to her natural enemy a continual pretext for aggression, is also a source of weakness to herself. It is a diseased limb, which drains the resources of the trunk, and can never be made to unite healthily with it again. Amputation is the only remedy; and it is easy to distinguish between the honest friendship which recommends its adoption at once, and the morbid sensibility, or concealed malice, which would await the inevitable approach of mortification and death.

There is a method of catching monkeys in the East Indies, which supplies a good illustration of the present situation of these two countries. A quantity of sugar is put into a cocoa nutshell, in which a hole has been made, large enough to

* The superiority of the Turks in the use of the sabre is founded partly on the quality of the weapon itself, and partly on their, what may be termed, national dexterity in handling it. The Turkish sabre, which is wrought out of fine iron-wire, in the hand of one of our powerful labourers, would perhaps break to pieces like glass at the first blow. The Turk, on the contrary, who gives rather a cut than a blow, makes it penetrate through helmet, cuirass, &c. and separates in a moment the head or the limbs from the body. Hence we seldom hear of slight wounds in an action of cavalry with Turks. It is a well known fact in the Russian army, that a colonel, who was in front of his regiment, seeing the Spahis make an unexpected attack upon him, drew his sabre, and was going to command his men to do the same, when, at the first word, draw, his head was severed from his body. The highly tempered Turkish sabres will fetch a price of from ten to a hundred ducats, even when they are not of fine metal. But, as Scanderbeg said, such a sabre only produces its effect when in the hand of him who knows how to use it. It is related, that, at the storming of Ismael, a brave foreigner who served as a volunteer in the Russian army, and who was most actively engaged in the mêlée, broke in pieces several Turkish sabres, and constantly armed himself with a fresh one taken from the Turks who were slain. The substance, from which these valuable sabres are wrought, is called *taban*, and they are proved to be genuine, when they admit of being written upon with a ducat, or any other piece of fine gold.

admit the open paw of the animal, but not to allow its withdrawal when clenched. Pug inserts his paw, and grasps at the sweet temptation, which, however, he finds it impossible to extract. His avarice, being too powerful for his sagacity, prevents him from renouncing the fatal prize, which mocks him with a shadow of advantage; he remains encumbered with the clumsy shell, and falls an easy victim to his pursuers. The 'Sublime Porte' is at present in the situation of the monkey. Having originally fixed her iron grip upon Greece, by nefarious and dishonest means, she has at length arrived at a crisis which leaves no alternative between restitution and ruin. The desperate and infatuated obstinacy with which she clings to her ill-gotten and useless plunder, is exactly what paralyses all her powers of defence, and takes away all her possibilities of escape.

THE SEVEN CHURCHES OF ASIA.

A Visit to the Seven Churches of Asia; with an Excursion into Pisidia; containing Remarks on the Geography and Antiquities of the Countries, a Map of the Author's Routes, and numerous Inscriptions. By the Rev. Fr. V. J. Arundell, British Chaplain at Smyrna. John Rodwell. London, 1828.

THE veneration we feel for the scenes which have been rendered famous by great events, or which have received their consecration from the virtues and noble actions of martyrs and patriots, is as natural to the human mind as any of its higher emotions. It would argue, as has been frequently observed, a degree of most unenviable insensibility, to be able to visit without interest the spots in which the old patriarchs of liberty first set up her altar, or in which the magnificent pageantry of romance, with all its rich and gorgeous emblazonry, was once the chivalrous and glowing reality of life. Without feelings of this sort, the past ages of the world would be scarcely worth the registering, and those associations which give us our ancestry among the great and the glorious of old, and a share in their bequeathments, would be utterly lost.

But even the sensations of this kind, which take their flight from the highest altar of human greatness, may be strengthened or surpassed by those belonging to emotions connected with religious sentiments. It would be madness to consider the strong feelings of awe and veneration which arise on the sight of some scene or relic, as necessarily connected with a low and blind superstition; and it is equally true, that the strength of our emotions, in such cases, is not a measure of the reasonableness of our creed; but of all the sensations which antiquity awakens, certain it is, none are so strong as those which depend on religious associations, whether the religion be the true, or a false, one. Of those who have made a journey to survey Marathon, how small are the numbers, compared with the myriads, who have endured all things to kneel at Jerusalem or Mecca.

There are few spots more attractive for the interest they possess in these respects, than those visited by the author of the work on our table. They were the scenes in which the contest was first begun, which was to revolutionize the moral world; those which first felt the breath of that mighty spirit which 'blew where it listed,' but was unknown in its comings forth; and they are those, to which the most mysterious portion of the Christian Scriptures have given a fearful interest which will remain till the consummation of the whole great system. But we must turn to the work before us.

Mr. Arundell is the British chaplain at Smyrna, and it having been the custom, for a considerable time past, for the clergyman occupying his station, to visit the scenes made sacred by the seven churches of the Apocalypse, he determined on the same journey, and set out on the 28th of March, 1826. His party consisted of a janissary belonging to the English company, an Armenian proprietor of the horses, a Suregee, a Greek servant, and another

clergyman of the name of Hartley. They had originally determined on going by Cassaba to Sardis, Thyatira, &c., and on returning by Laodicea and Ephesus; but finally determined on going at once by Sedikeny to Ephesus, at which place they arrived on the thirtieth of the month. The account of the desolation, the melancholy solitude, which reigns over this once busy spot, and the scattered memorials of former grandeur which may still be seen, is deeply interesting; but the greater part of the description, and, indeed, all the details which are of importance, are taken from Chandler, or other equally well known travellers. We accordingly follow our author to Laodicea, but we are here again met by the same host of quotations and references; the travels of Dr. Smith or Dr. Chandler furnishing nearly all the matter contained in Mr. Arundell's pages. We, therefore, still pursue our search for some original information, and we find more of this in the account of the ruins of Sagalassus than in any other parts of the volume; and it is from this, therefore, we shall draw our extract.

'It was nearly noon before we reached the grand object of our journey to Aglason, the ruins on the mountain.

'Arriving on the terrace which runs south-east at its north-west extremity, we saw a large building, on the outer wall of which, though evidently much anterior to Christianity, was a cross. Its length was about one hundred and thirty feet, and the breadth about sixty. At the south-eastern end is a recess, which I first thought to be circular, but on the outside it was angular. If some sculptures of masks, &c. had not attested the contrary, I could almost have fancied this a Christian temple. A few hundred yards beyond it is an immense heap of sculptured stones, with some walls; to which succeed the remains of a massy wall, edging the terrace for several hundred yards further. A short way beyond, in the almost perpendicular side of the mountain on the left, are innumerable sepulchral vaults. They were, for the most part, small recesses or niches in the rock, circular at the top, and having in front small entablatures, with sculpture and inscriptions. These were in such a state of decay, that, among an incredible number, I could scarcely discover one legible inscription. We had little time to spare, and I therefore only copied one (No. 21), and that was very imperfect. On another entablature I was not a little surprised to see a cross between four bezants, the armorial bearing, if I mistake not, of the Latin emperors of Constantinople. The terrace now ascends a little, where are the considerable remains of a building, two walls of which are standing, and, in an immense heap of stones, a profusion of ornaments, as well as two large female figures in bas relief, finely executed, but much decayed. Here the ruins seem to terminate towards the south-east, (a fine theatre excepted, which lies at some distance up the hill in the same direction,) and run at right angles with the terrace downwards to the right. Adjoining to the ruins, in which are the two female figures, but below them, as the ground falls, is a large paved oblong area, full of fluted columns, pedestals, &c., about two hundred and forty feet long. There are innumerable pedestals in this and the adjoining ruins; but I found here only one inscription. There were some beautiful capitals of immense size; I measured one, and found it fifty-two inches in diameter; it was octagonal, with the acanthus above, and narrow flutes below: there were other capitals of smaller size, with the double acanthus, and two of a most extraordinary form.

'The shafts of the pillars were fluted, and about three feet in diameter.

'In continuation of the last ruins, but also beneath, as the ground sinks again, is part of a circular or semi-circular wall, partly of brick and partly of stone, the centre filled by another heap of fragments. Beyond this, but still in the same straight line, is a wall on the left, outside which are other considerable remains: the same occur on the right. Then succeeds a pavement filled with pedestals, &c., and directly below, for the ground falls again, is a long narrow portico, with pedestals on each side. The portico is nearly three hundred feet long, and about twenty-seven wide. It was here that, after examining attentively a pedestal which had once an inscription, scarcely a letter of which was legible, I observed that it was sunk in the earth; and willing to believe the letters would be found better preserved beneath the surface, I dug for some time,

and was amply rewarded, by discovering in the highest state of preservation, the following letters,

ΗΣΑΓΑΑΣΣΕΩΝ
ΗΟΛΙΣ ΠΙΣ [ΙΔΙΛΣ.]

'This long avenue or portico is terminated by some magnificent remains; but whether of a temple or a gymnasium, or either, I had neither leisure nor sufficient architectural knowledge to determine. The capitals had a double row of acanthus, and the columns were fluted. It was here that I discovered, in very large letters,

ΑΣΣΕΩΝ
ΟΡΑ

A short way beyond the last mentioned ruins, the ground falls considerably, forming a narrow ravine; on the opposite side of which rises steeply a hill of considerable height. The sides are covered with sarcophagi and sepulchral marbles. On one of the latter, which had a bust in the centre, was the inscription (No. 23). On the top of this hill are a few remains, and from its commanding situation, it has probably been in some period of the history of Sagalassus the Acropolis. On the south side flowed a small river down the valley towards the village of Aglason, the ΚΕΣΤΡΟΣ of the medals of Sagalassus (No. 24). But of all we saw, the theatre most strongly attracted our attention, being in a state of preservation, superior even to those of Laodicea and Hierapolis: I could almost fancy the crowds of ancient days rushing in at the different portals, and impatiently taking their places. The seats, forty in number, were almost as perfect as if still in use; and a considerable portion of the proscenium and entrances was nearly perfect. The orchestra was covered with snow, as well as a large heap of stones, close to the proscenium. Among those covered, we saw a good deal of architectural ornament of excellent execution, but neither bas relief nor inscription. We had no means of ascertaining the external diameter, but the interior must be about ninety feet, as the pulpitum of the proscenium was about eighty-six. In the pulpitum was a centre door fifteen feet high and nine wide, and two smaller doors on either side, of which the nearest was eleven feet high and nine wide; but the most remote, near the ends of the cavea, only five, including one of the door posts. The distance between the pulpitum and the scene was eighteen feet. From the doors of the pulpitum were four steps to descend into the orchestra. The dramatis personæ were a solitary fox and a covey of red-legged partridges.

'Sagalassus, otherwise called Selgessus, was one of the most important cities and most fertile districts in Pisidia. It is described by Strabo as being within Taurus, near Milyas, which district extended northward as far as those of Sagalassus and Apameia. Artemidorus, as quoted by Strabo, places Sagalassus the second in his list of cities of Pisidia, the first being Selge. In the ecclesiastical Notitie it also holds the second place, Antioch being the first.'

We would fain have avoided, if possible, giving our readers an extract containing information which they may possibly have before received in a more original form; but finding it impossible to draw any materials from the volume before us respecting the main object of its author, without thus exposing his predilection for quotation, we give the following account of Sardis:—

'The object of greatest interest to the Christian traveller are the ruins of two churches; one at the back of the mill, said to be the church of the Panagia, and another in front of it, called the church of St. John. Of the former there are considerable remains, and it is almost wholly constructed with magnificent fragments of earlier edifices: it must be this to which Colonel Leake alludes, as being perhaps the only one of the Seven Churches, of which there are any distinguishable remains: but there are also some remains of the church of Pergamus. Of the other, there are several stone piers, having fragments of brick arches above them, and standing east and west. When Smith wrote, a Christian church, having at the entrance several curious pillars, was appropriated to the service of the mosque.

'A theatre, and stadium connected with it, are distinguishable under the northern brow of the acropolis, but the remains are few. Mr. Cockerell calculates the exterior diameter of the theatre at three hundred and ninety-six feet, and the interior one hundred and sixty-two.

'Of the supposed Gernasia, called also the house of Cræsus, which lies in the plain to the westward of the acropolis, I measured the first room, semi-circular at

both ends. It was one hundred and fifty-six feet long, by forty-two and a half wide; and the walls, celebrated for the durability of the bricks, were ten feet and a half thick. Might not this have been the gymnasium?

'There are some other remains, built of very massy stones, now much corroded by age, on the eastern side of the acropolis, near a small stream, one of the branches of the Pactolus which runs down into the Hermus. These remains appear to have been oblong apartments, once evidently arched, and standing north and south; the bed of the adjoining stream and the stones are not golden at present, but of a dark ochreous colour, as if containing iron. Mineralogists are, I believe, agreed that most of the auriferous sands in all parts of the world are of a black or reddish colour, and are consequently ferruginous. It was observed by Reaumur, that the sand which accompanies the gold of most rivers is composed of particles of iron, and small grains of rubies and hyacinth. Titanium has also been detected in the same sand; and it would appear from the chalybeate springs which have been discovered in that part of north Carolina which affords gold, that the soil is there ferruginous.

'The following account of Sardis is from Dr. Chandler. "Lydia was celebrated for its city Sardis, which was of great antiquity, though posterior to the war of Troy. It was enriched by the fertility of the soil, and had been the capital of the Lydian kings. It was seated on the side of mount Tmolus, and the acropolis was remarkable for its strength. This was on a lofty hill; the back part, or that towards Tmolus, a perpendicular precipice. One of the kings, an ancestor of Croesus, it is related, believed that by leading a lion about the wall he should render the fortress impregnable, and neglected that portion of it, as totally inaccessible.

'Croesus, who was tyrant or king of all the nations within the river Halys, engaging Cyrus, who had followed him into Lydia, was defeated in the plain before the city, the Lydian horses not enduring the sight or smell of the camels. Cyrus then besieged him, and offered a reward for the person who should first mount the wall. One of his soldiers had seen a Lydian descend for his helmet, which had rolled down the back of the acropolis. He tried to ascend there, where not even a sentinel was placed, and succeeded.

"Afterwards, the Persian satrapas, or commandant, resided at Sardis, as the Emperor did at Susa.

"In the time of Darius, the Milesians sailed to Ephesus, and leaving their vessels at Mount Corissus, marched up by the river Cayster, and crossing Mount Tmolus, surprised the city, except the acropolis, in which was a numerous garrison. A soldier set fire to one of the houses, which were thatched, and presently the town was in flames. The Ionians retreated to Tmolus, and in the night to their ships.

"The city and acropolis surrendered, on the approach of Alexander, after the battle of the Granicus. He encamped by the river Hermus, which was twenty stadia, or two miles and a half distant. He went up to the acropolis, which was then fortified with a triple wall, and resolved to erect in it a temple and altar to Jupiter Olympius, on the site of the royal palace of the Lydians.

"Sardis, under the Romans, was a large city, and not inferior to any of its neighbours, until the terrible earthquake, which happened in the time of Tiberius Cæsar. Magnesia by Sipylus, Philadelphia, Laodicea, Ephesus, and several more cities, partook largely in that calamity, but this place suffered prodigiously, and was much pitied. The munificence of the emperor was nobly exerted to repair the various damages, and Sardis owed its recovery to Tiberius.

"The Emperor Julian made Chrysanthius, a Sardinian, of a senatorial family, pontiff of Lydia. He attempted to restore the heathen worship, erecting temporary altars at Sardis, where none had been left, and repairing the temples, if any vestiges remained. In the year 400, the Goths under Tribigild and Caianus, officers in the Roman pay, who had revolted from the Emperor Arcadius, plundered this city. In the subsequent troubles in Asia, the natives in general were compelled to retire for safety to the hills and strong holds. At Sardis they permitted the Turks, on an incursion of the Tartars in 1304, to occupy a portion of the acropolis, separated by a strong wall with a gate, and afterwards murdered them in their sleep.

"It was on the side of the theatre the effort was made, which gave Antiochus possession of Sardis. An officer had observed that vultures and birds of prey gathered there about the offals and dead bodies, thrown into the hollow by the besieged, and inferred that the wall, standing on the edge of the precipices, was ne-

glected, as secure from any attempt. He scaled with a resolute party, while Antiochus called off the attention both of his own army and of the enemy by a feint; marching as if he intended to attack the Persian gate. Two thousand soldiers rushed in at the gate opened for them, and took their post at the theatre, when the town was plundered and burned."

We close this work with a repetition of our censure respecting the author's superabundant use of extracts from previous travellers. In writing an octavo volume of 339 pages, there was surely enough of interest in the scenes he visited to afford him more than matter enough for such a sized book. We will, however, do him the justice to say, that he has selected his illustrations with good taste; and that, together with these, and the details of the journey, he has made a very interesting volume.

OUTLINES OF A PENAL CODE.

Outlines of a Penal Code on the Basis of the Law of England, by John Disney, Esq. 8vo. pp. 162. Hunter. London, 1828.

MR. DISNEY, who appears to be a man of good sense and considerable legal learning, has presented us, in this volume, with an attempt towards the reformation of our present system of Penal Law, which has, at least, the merit of being expounded with a brevity as commendable as it is unusual in this age of book-making. The work, too, is evidently the production of a practical man, whose object it is to improve rather than to overturn our existing institutions, and most of whose suggestions have that strong claim upon our attention, which arises from the experimental character of the considerations on which they are founded. Mr. Disney does not, in fact, profess, in the present publication, to give us a scientific exposition of the principles of Penal Law. His object is merely to apply these principles to the rectification of the more objectionable parts of our own Criminal Code, in so far as that can be done without altogether destroying its original and peculiar character. Most, if not all, for example, of the propositions which he submits, are nearly of the same description with some of those which have been introduced by Mr. Peel into his recent legal reforms. They refer chiefly to the repeal of old, and the substitution of new penalties, and to such alterations on the form of procedure in criminal trials, as even the spirit of English law itself seems to demand or admit. It is in short, as he informs us in his title page, a Penal Code 'on the Basis of the Law of England,' which he aims at constructing. It is but fair that the reader of the work should keep this definition of its plan in mind, as he might otherwise possibly be led to expect from it, something more in the way both of profound philosophy, and of scientific precision, than it will be found to contain.

Precluded as we thus feel ourselves, by the nature of the work, from entering into any discussion on the great principles of criminal jurisprudence, which, on another occasion, might form an appropriate introduction to the notice of such a work as the present, we shall proceed to give our readers a short account of Mr. Disney's labours, and to point out what we deem most deserving of attention in his projected innovations.

The 'Outlines' commence with an enumeration of the different species of punishment, of which alone it is proposed to permit the infliction. These are death, transportation for life, imprisonment for any time not exceeding three years, with the addition of hard labour, fine, or whipping, (the last penalty being confined to males under twenty-one years of age,) imprisonment only, fine only, and lastly, security for good behaviour for any term not exceeding three years. These punishments, it will be observed, have all of them been long known to the law of England. Whatever else may be said either against or in favour of one or two of them, that of death has certainly the recommendation of being a very simple and summary mode of dealing with offen-

ders, or rather with the particular offender upon whom it is inflicted; for the question of its effect, in the way of example, and in the suppression of crime generally, is one not quite so easily determined. We believe, for our own parts, that, whatever may be the impression it is calculated to make upon the mind of the young and unpractised offender, upon any one of which class of persons it is rarely or never inflicted, it has few or no terrors for that description of hardened criminals, who, generally speaking, are alone subjected to it. It is not, and cannot well be, applied at the commencement of a career of guilt, when the dread of it would be really efficacious; at that period of confirmed profligacy, for which it is actually reserved, the dread it once might have inspired is, in a great measure, gone.

Our author, we think, is quite right in his views as to the impropriety of transportation for any shorter period than the life of the offender. Upon the reasons, however, by which he supports his opinions as to this point, we have not room to enter.

In all cases in which the punishment of death is inflicted, Mr. Disney proposes that dissection of the body of the criminal should follow. To this suggestion, we think, there can be no good objection. We should doubt, however, the expediency of enforcing a similar regulation in cases of Suicide, as is proposed in a subsequent page, even although the forfeiture of goods should, as is also recommended, be done away with. We cordially agree with the author, by the bye, in his proposal for the abolition of forfeiture and what is called 'corruption of blood', in all cases of punishment. His notion of applying fines to defray the expenses of prosecution is also, we think, well entitled to adoption.

Between principals and accomplices, we are glad to see, he makes no distinction in respect of their amenability either to trial or punishment. In the case of goods stolen, he also very properly considers the receiver as equally guilty with the thief.

The offence of Coining, in the highest degree, he would punish only with transportation for life. Bigamy and Forgery he would visit with the same mitigated penalty; although he would retain the last award of the law for the crime of Arson, in all circumstances.

Mr. Disney would sweep away every vestige of the distinction which was long so great a favourite of the law of England, between what were called 'felonies within,' and 'felonies without Clergy,' than which, it would certainly be scarcely possible, to quote, from the records of human folly, any thing either more absurd in point of principle, or that has been attended with more perplexity and inconvenience in practice. We must refer, however, to the first chapter of the 'Commentary' he has appended to his 'Outlines,' both for his account of the origin and history of this absurdity, and for his remarks on the Statute 6, Geo. IV., c. 25, which is generally supposed to have abolished the last of the extraordinary anomalies which it had left in our forms of legal procedure.

One of the principles of penal jurisprudence to which our author is most attached, and for his uniform application of which he is disposed to take to himself the greatest credit, is that which inflicts an aggravation of punishment on the repetition of the offence. His notions, upon this subject, may be gathered from the following extract:

'There are very few instances where statutes give specific punishment for second, or repeated offences; and in the common law, I believe, none. In practice, I have often witnessed a less punishment given for a second offence than for the first; though both were of the same nature or class. This chapter*, therefore, is nearly new; and I have founded it on the idea that, in a moral sense, every second offence is necessarily greater in point of guilt than the first, for the person

* Chap. ix. 'On Repeated Offences.'

committing it must certainly know that it is criminal; he cannot have the slightest aid from ignorance. Therefore he ought to have additional punishment, for additional guilt; and the law should mark out the proportion of that additional punishment. Instead of this, we have seen that the confusion in the law, created by the doctrine of clergy, actually operated so that a conviction for a second or repeated offence worked a pardon of the first, or former ones.

In the suggestions here offered, I have endeavoured to make myself intelligible: so that the repeated offence should be subject to the next highest punishment in the scale; though not in the scale as rigidly set down in the law; but the next greatest to that which was passed upon him before: thus,

‘One who *deserved* death the first time, and received transportation, shall *suffer* death the second.

‘He who *deserved* transportation the first time; but *suffered* imprisonment, committing a transportable offence the second time, shall *suffer* transportation.

‘If imprisonment be imposed for the first offence, the term he *suffered* for it, shall be doubled for the second. For third, &c. offences, double the longest time which the law allowed for the first offence; so that no imprisonment for a single repetition shall exceed six years, i. e. double the longest term the law allows for one offence.

‘No offence to be considered as a second offence, so as to call for the accumulated punishment, unless committed after a conviction; for on being convicted is founded the additional guilt of knowing the criminality of the act.’

The following remarks on Corruption of Blood, as part of the punishment of Treason, will be perused with interest:

‘If it be admitted that the social compact between man and man can give to the collective body the power over individuals, even so far as to deprive a criminal of his life, and of the disposing of his body afterwards; surely it can go no further. It will never be contended that the social compact can give any power to punish the innocent. And what is corruption of blood but a direct punishment of the innocent! Yet the unaccused, the untried, the unconvicted!!! Yet the law of England still adheres to, still cherishes, this monstrous birth of feudal darkness. If a man commits treason in England, and is executed, his children can inherit nothing from him; they are deprived of civil rights for an offence they never committed. Is it not punishment enough for them, that they have lost their father, their support and protector? young enough perhaps to want every assistance, and wholly incapable of knowing the nature of his crime, and still more incapable of partaking in its guilt! If they are older, intelligent enough to be conscious of the crime and its consequence, they may be wholly ignorant of their parent's intentions to commit it, or if they did know it, used ineffectual tears and entreaties to dissuade him from it. Yet they are to be punished; deprived of the means of subsistence, and that which has ceased to be their father's, shall not be theirs; they shall take nothing from him. But should the “tainted” person (as the law calls him) have nothing, and the grandfather being alive, have possessions, even these cannot descend to his grandchildren, for the father, the intermediate person, is attained, and they can take nothing through him. The children, therefore, are excluded from inheriting, either from their father or any higher ancestor, though infants too young to be conscious of crime, or, being older, were ignorant of, or even opposed to it. For this, I can see no reason to support it, no justice in its application.

‘The poor plea of policy, that it prevents treason, fails, for it is not true; treason is still committed, seldom indeed, but its rarity is the effect of the better regulated state of society, not of the terrors of the punishment. Laws made with cruelty, and adverse to the feelings of Christianity and human nature, are the dicta of tyrants in remoter and darker times. The duties of governors and the governed are better defined and better discharged in the present days.

‘To visit the sins of the fathers upon the children, belongs not to man; the physical and natural consequences of a parent's guilt are indeed permitted by the Wise Governor of the universe to fall on the children, but beyond that, no created being has a right to go.

‘But these arguments are not new,* they are familiar to all who consider the subject; to me they are unanswerable.

‘Power, ever jealous of those on whom it exercises itself, has in all ages entrenched itself with strong enactments, and with a degree of cruelty, indicative only of the degree of fear by which they are dictated. The only reason for making such enactments is, having the means of doing so.

‘In 1708, the Legislature put upon the records of Parliament a statute†, declaring that “no attainder for treason should extend to the disinherison of any heir, nor to the prejudice of any other person than the traitor for his life.” Here they nobly admitted the principle; but for fear of actually existing treason, that statute was not to take place till the decease of the then Pretender, and three years after the succession of the crown on the demise of Ann, the reigning Queen.

‘In 1744, by 17, Geo. II. c. 39, this provision was further suspended till the death of “the eldest and all and every the son and sons” of the Pretender. And so stood the law; every departing day drawing that time nearer and nearer when the nation was to be blessed (the term is not too strong) with exemption from one of the cruellest consequences of crime in civilized Europe. So it stood, I say, till the year 1799, when, in the administration of Mr. Pitt, every ray of hope was at once cut off, and by 39, Geo. III. c. 93, the two acts of Anne and Geo. II. were (for these purposes) repealed; after it had been admitted for ninety-one years that, upon principle, the punishment by corruption of blood and attainder ought not to exist. The excuse was the agitated state of Europe from the then recent revolution in France. That excuse is gone by; the reasons for the abolition of such punishments are stronger than ever; the disposition the ministers have shown, to rule by great and first principles, have given the Crown and Government a stability which makes cruelty and inhumanity unnecessary to their support; and it is reserved for our present rulers to seize an opportunity, never yet open to any other men, of rendering their own fame, and their country's gratitude, coeval and immortal.’

There are several subjects noticed in the work, on which, did our space permit, we should probably be induced to offer a few observations, in opposition to, or at least in qualification of, the views of the author. Upon the whole, however, there is, in our opinion, a great deal of good sense in the reforms which he suggests; and most of them, we are confident, might be adopted, not only with perfect safety, but with the most beneficial effect. The present publication, however, we may remark, is not to be understood as presenting us with a complete system of penal jurisprudence. The indispensable preliminary, as has been ably illustrated by Mr. Mill, in his *Treatise on Jurisprudence*, to the formation of a Code of Punishments, is the formation of a Code of Rights. While our civil law remains in the chaotic condition in which it at present is, every attempt to rectify our penal law must necessarily be, in many respects, imperfect and unsatisfactory; at best, the improvement of a bad system, rather than the establishment of a good one.

HISTORY OF GEORGE GODFREY.

History of George Godfrey, written by Himself. 3 vols. 12mo. Colburn. London, 1828.

THE object of the author of these volumes seems to be, an attempt to blend the flippant raciness of style, and everchanging variety of incident, which characterise the novels of Smollet and Fielding, with the sentiment and personalities of the present race of fictions. It is a bold attempt, but not a thoroughly successful one. The early chapters are by far the best, in point of dry humour and quaintness of imitation; but in the sequel of the hero's adventures, the author seems to have sacrificed manner to matter, and though he introduces an abundance of ‘change and circumstance,’ it becomes common-place from the want of piquancy and equivocal in its recital.

The opening chapter of the book introduces the hero of the tale as witnessing the death of his father, the distress of his mother, her subsequent marriage, and his transfer to the care of a step-father. After enduring twelve or fourteen years of domestic tyranny, he is at length placed in the

counting-house of a sugar-broker, from which the wear and tear of apparel, added to the fact of his receiving no salary for the initiatory year, induce Mr. Mason, the step-father, to transfer him to his own establishment, and employ him in the dissemination of medicines throughout the circle of his patients. With one of the latter, Mr. Appleton, an auctioneer of eminence, George, shortly after, obtains a situation as clerk, and is about entering on its duties, when one evening, in protecting a female from insult, during an uproar in the street, he is beaten, and in a state of insensibility conveyed to the watch-house, where his examination, the following morning, before Sir Benjamin Bray, (under which name we are introduced to a very prominent city magistrate of the day,) forms one of the most spirited sketches and the most graphic satires in the book.

The morning dawned, it became broad day, and at length the dreaded hour arrived, which was to introduce me to the police office. I shrank from the exposure which I must undergo, in being placed at the bar, but doubted not my ability to prove, that I had been guilty of no offence.

Several of my fellow-lodgers had been dismissed with admonitions from the magistrate, for the regulation of their future conduct, before my turn came. A general titter ran through the office as I advanced to the bar, and even the gravity of Sir Benjamin Bray, who presided, was somewhat relaxed, by the comical figure, which, in my person, was placed before him.

Perhaps it will be edifying to the reader, to know what the peculiarities were, which so powerfully excited the risibility of a justice of the peace, and his humane assistants.

In the first place, my face was much stained with blood, my cheek having been laid open by the blows which I had received. One of my eyes was greatly discoloured, and the other so swollen as to be almost closed. My lip was cut; and an enormous bump, for which I had to thank the bludgeon of one of the watchmen, appeared on my forehead. Add to these an air of extreme languor, growing on the want of refreshment, and anxiety, and it will easily be conceived that a picture of misery was produced, which must have been irresistibly droll.

But this was not all. My hair was matted, and my hat squeezed into a shape for which mathematicians have not yet been able to furnish a name. My apparel generally was not, before this affair, in remarkably good condition, being in a state of natural decay from old age, and, of course, exceedingly susceptible of violence. The consequences, therefore, of the rude conflict in which I had been engaged, were serious indeed, so far as dress was concerned. The right arm of my coat was nearly detached from the body, and half of the tail was missing. The tatters of my garments, which remained attached to my person, were covered with mud, and, in addition to all these misfortunes, no friend appeared near me to give me countenance or advice. The gentry of the police saw a poor lad, weak and bleeding, ragged and friendless. Who could help laughing at such a mirth-inspiring spectacle?

On the other hand, there stood my accuser in a situation well fitted to inspire respect. In the first place, he had used the precaution of putting on a coat, which, from its superior texture and workmanship, was admirably calculated to make an impression in his favour. Besides being of the finest superfine cloth, and quite new, it was lined with silk, and covered with decorative braiding. He had received but two or three slight contusions from my ill-directed blows, and having had the benefit of supper, bed, breakfast, those great contributors to respectability of appearance, nothing could be more striking than the contrast between his mild and gentlemanly aspect, and my ferocious and ruffianly exhibition.

The circumstances which I have enumerated gave him sufficient advantage over me; but in addition to all these, one other may be named, though last not least—he was a Lord.

Yes, I had been so unfortunate as to encounter no less a personage than my Lord Moffatville. He had previously distinguished himself as a friend to good order, by knocking down eight or ten suspicious characters, who had been so refractory as not to move out of his way with sufficient expedition, when he deemed it necessary for the public good to make a rapid advance in the street; and, moreover, he had got a Lieutenant on duty very properly imprisoned, for committing the outrage of sending a challenge to him, merely because he had taken the harmless

* See the Debate in Parliament upon the Bill in 1799.

† 7 Ann. c. 21. sect. 10. and East. C. L. 138.

liberty of pushing against this officer, telling him that he was no gentleman, and asking "who the devil he was."

"Such being the character of my prosecutor, he was, of course, received with great respect by Sir Benjamin Bray.

"Will your lordship do me the honour to step round," said he, in a tone of winning suavity; and twenty pair of saucer eyes said, as plainly as they could stare, "What a very amiable man Sir Benjamin is!"

"His lordship did Sir Benjamin the honour of passing round, and took his seat on the bench with "the worthy magistrate."

"Sir Benjamin, as his Lordship approached the seat reserved for him, gracefully rose, and bobbed his head forward, and another part of his person backward. Then he expressed his hope, that the noble lord did not feel the draught very troublesome; and being satisfied on this point by a negative, pronounced with a grin of all surpassing courtesy, Sir Benjamin, happy in the opportunity, thus afforded him of displaying all his good-breeding, and knowledge of the forms of polite society, seated himself, and prepared for business.

"His lordship, being called upon to state the charge, expressed, with becoming sensibility, the great pain which it gave him to appear there as a prosecutor, but neatly added, a sense of public duty was, with him, paramount to every other consideration.

"This very clever exordium being disposed of, he went on to state, that, passing along one of the neighbouring states on the preceding evening, his attention was attracted for a moment by my indecorous conduct, as I had made myself conspicuous by the freedoms I was taking with a disorderly female, who, however bad she might be, seemed anxious to escape from my indecorous attentions. These, however, were continued, and with such extravagance, that the female at last gave me a push, which threw me down. At that moment, he and his friend happened to approach the spot, and, without saying one word, I started on my feet, and gave him a violent blow in the face, the effects of which Sir Benjamin might see. He had then struck me in self-defence, and the watchman coming up, he had judged it proper to give me in charge.

"This string of falsehoods so irritated me, that I could not help making repeated efforts to contradict them. "No, I did not!"—"It was you that knocked me down!"—"It's false!" were the exclamations which involuntarily burst from me: but as often as I broke out, I was checked by the magistrate, who, with great dignity, checked my speech at once, by calling out, "Order!"—"Silence, fellow!"—"I see what you are."—"Do you know where you are?"

"When my lord had finished, his friend said he had nothing to offer, but his fullest corroboration of all that had been stated.

"Then the watchmen spoke to my extraordinary violence, and exhibited their heads and lanterns, as witnesses against me, declaring, that, if this charge had not been preferred, they would have brought me to the office, for "obstructing them in the performance of their duty."

"At length, the time for making my defence arrived; and, all rage at the misrepresentations which I had heard, I commenced my vindication, in a rambling, and not very intelligible, manner. The number of listeners appalled me;—I was almost scared at the sound of my own voice, and the coarse bawl of the magistrate to me, to "speak up," nothing abated my embarrassment. It made me start, and suddenly alter my tone, which produced a general burst of contemptuous laughter.

"I began thus—

"As I was going along yesterday, returning from the west end of the town—"

"Well, we don't want to hear any thing about the west end of the town," interrupted Sir Benjamin.

"I proceeded.—"A middle-aged lady came up to me—"

"We don't want to hear about middle-aged ladies coming up to you."

"And she asked me—"

"You are not called upon to tell us what she asked you, but we ask you, what you have to say to this charge?"

"The female I have mentioned, inquired, with great agitation, if I had seen a young lady—"

"It is really very odd, that you cannot confine yourself to the question; we cannot be kept all day, to hear your cock and a bull story, about the west end of the town, and of your meeting young ladies, and old ladies, and the Lord knows what."

"I was going to explain—"

"I don't ask what you were going to explain, but I want to know what you have to say for yourself;—what are you?"

"The question was rather a puzzler; I did not like to say "nothing;" so I paused, till, perceiving that the magistrate was becoming impatient, I stammered out, scarcely knowing what I said—

"What am I?"

"Aye," returned Sir Benjamin, "what are you, I say—are you a thief?"

"This nettled me exceedingly; and my anger, for a moment, triumphed over my embarrassment, while I resolutely answered—

"No, Sir Benjamin, I am no more a thief than you are, and you have no right to suppose that I am one."

"You are an impudent fellow," retorted Sir Benjamin; "that I can plainly see. If, as you say, you are not a thief, what are you? I suppose, you have some very good reason for being silent, but I will know what it is, before you and I part."

"I was then obliged to tell what I was, and what I expected to be. My reluctance to explain the precise state of my fortunes and expectations, afforded great entertainment to Sir Benjamin, and those about him, who never failed to laugh at his good things, and at my distress.

"In the end, however, the noble Lord, as he was about to proceed to the Continent on a tour, declined prosecuting me, for the assault which he had committed. Sir Benjamin then told me, that "I ought to go down on my knees to thank my humane opponent for his goodness;" but as I omitted to do so, he added, that, as he plainly perceived I was a desperate character, he felt that it was incumbent on him, to order me to find bail, to keep the peace towards all his Majesty's subjects.

"I was then taken from the bar. Having got towards the outer part of the office, I put on my hat. "Take off your hat," was vociferated by Sir Benjamin. I did not suppose the words were addressed to me, and failed to obey the mandate. He then called out in a voice of thunder to the officers—"knock it off!"

"This operation was instantly performed."

George is now left lingering in the office, uncertain where to apply for bail, when he is accosted by a gentleman who proves to be the guardian of the lady in whose defence he is suffering. He is immediately released on the responsibility of his new friend, and, on leaving the hall of justice, introduced to the lady in question, Miss Adela Hill, who subsequently becomes the heroine of the tale.

The next important scene is Mr. Godfrey's initiation in his new employment. Mr. Alderton is understood to be a portrait, and, if so, no very flattering one, of an orator of eminence in the "laic pulpit;" and in tracing his adventures, we have some curious information regarding the tricks of auction marts, and the villainy of sweeteners and false-bidders. Previous to entering upon office,

"Mr. Skim advised me to attend a sale, which was to take place on the Saturday before I was to become a member of Mr. Alderton's establishment. He assured me my bruises would not be noticed, and was decidedly of opinion, that, to look on, would be of no small service to me.

"I accordingly went, and was not a little surprised, at the numerous and splendid company, by whom Mr. Alderton was surrounded. The scene was new to me, and I found it most agreeably animated. The ready wit of my employer elect, I very much admired. As he ascended the pulpit, a pile of catalogues which had been established there, was overthrown, as if by accident. "The first lot's knocked down, gentlemen," cried the auctioneer.

"You first got it very high," cried a person near me.

"But it went off at a low mark," returned the knight of the hammer.

"Then the whole company, with some ten exceptions, laughed, not more than six of them knowing that the scene had been planned, and rehearsed.

"A carpet was shortly after exhibited.

"There's a spot on it," remarked one of the company.

"We charge you nothing for that," said Mr. Alderton.

"Here another laugh came in, and, before that had

completely subsided, the auctioneer improved on his former vivacity, by adding—

"I hope you will not think little of the lot, because it is not spot-less."

"This produced more mirth.

"But here's a hole," roared out one of the assembly, poking his stick through an opening which he had discovered.

"Well," retorted the principal actor, "if there is a hole already, you need not make it larger, for that will be making a hole in your manners."

"Another, and still louder peal of laughter, followed this sally. The mirth, I observed, was done by the same parties, on each occasion—leader of the band, Mr. Skim.

"The business proceeded with great spirit, and I was perfectly astonished, at the immense bargains which were sold. It appeared that I was not the only one thus affected; a dandy of the first water was close to me, who frequently held up his hands, as I really believed, to indicate his sincere amazement, and not to show the diamond rings, which adorned his fingers.

"An elderly gentleman, who wore powder, and locked, I thought, like a clergyman, was struck in the same way; and, more than once, the mutual surprise of these very respectable persons, burst forth in expressions like these—each, however, carefully subduing his voice, so that Mr. Alderton might not be apprised of their sentiments, as to the sacrifices he was making.

"Wonderful!" the dandy began.

"Dirt cheap!" proceeded the clergyman.

"It is absolutely giving away!" said the former.

"It is, almost," added the man of the church; "I never saw any thing like it in my life!"

"Nor I, never," the beau went on; and then his curiosity being evidently wound up to the highest pitch, he eagerly inquired—

"How does it happen? What can be the cause of all this?"

"The general scarcity of cash," was the reply; "nobody, at present, has any money."

"And then, after a while, they changed parts, just as Macheath and Polly do, in

"Over the hills, and far away,"

and went over the course of wonder and admiration again.

"They looked at me, too, while they spoke, as appealing to my judgment, for the reasonableness of what they said. I gave it at once in their favour, by repeating some of their phrases. Their manner told, that they considered me to be a most sagacious young man, and their kindness to me, stranger as I was, won my warmest gratitude; for more than once, before expressing themselves aloud, that others might profit by their experience, they gave me a little knock with the elbow, and a look, which distinctly told me, that then was the time, to lay out my money to advantage.

"Right sorry was I, that I had none to lay out, for I plainly saw, that, had I been in a condition to bid, I could easily have made such purchases there, as would have returned me a profit of cent. per cent., at least, any where else, on the following day.

"When the sale was over, a considerable portion of the company surrounded Mr. Alderton and Skim, as I judged, for the purpose of paying for their lots. A lady directed that what she had bought, might be sent home early on the following morning. The politeness of Mr. Skim, while addressing her, struck me as admirable; and, with a view to improve my own address, I watched it, in order to copy every movement. He begged, to be allowed, to see her to her carriage. My lady, (for, from his thus accosting her, I found that I was feasting my eyes on a person of rank,) dispensed with his services, affably, but, at the same time, with an air of dignity, such as I had never in my life had an opportunity of witnessing before.

"The company now grew thin, and I was about to retire, when Skim whispered in my ear, that there was a dinner set out at Mr. Alderton's house, at which I might as well assist.

"I had no great objection to accept such an invitation.

"Now then, since you have put off your knock out for an hour or two," said Skim, loud enough to be heard by the whole company, "to have a jolly good grease before you go, I will be with you directly."

"I did not exactly know what this meant, nor to whom it was addressed, but it was answered by several voices at the same time.

"Very well—very well—be quick."

"They then left the room. Skim put away his books, gave a few directions to the porters, which, by the

way, he issued in a very lordly tone, most unlike that which he had used while addressing her ladyship, and then prepared for an adjournment to Mr. Alderton's house.

"It was but a step that we had to go, and Skim had only time to mention, that he should presently introduce me to several persons with whom I should have a good deal to do, before that day twelvemonth, when we entered a spacious apartment, laid out for dinner, in which I found half the company I had seen at the sale, and, among them, the lady he had offered to hand to her carriage, the dandy with rings on his fingers, and the gentleman in black, whom I had supposed to be a clergyman.

"All seemed very merry and uproarious. There were several females present; and the reverend person I have mentioned, was by no means reserved and measured in his deportment, as he had appeared in the sale room, half an hour before.

"I felt disposed to retreat.

"What do you want to go for," inquired my friend, "before you have had your dinner?"

"O!" said I, "it will never do for me to stop, since you have these gentlemen and ladies here. I thought it was quite a different sort of thing."

"Well, Mr. Skim, is it almost coming?" inquired the lady whose dignity I had admired so much.

"Don't be in such a hurry, Sal; I suppose you had some breakfast this morning," was Skim's answer.

"I stared at this! He saw my amazement, and guessed the cause of it.

"Zounds!" said he, "you stare like a duck at thunder! Why you don't think these are any body, do you?"

"Hush!" said I, "they hear you!"

"Who the devil cares if they do. What do you know of them?"

"Why, at the sale, I stood close to that gentleman with the diamond rings on his fingers, and near the clergyman, sitting just behind him."

"The gentleman with diamond rings! the clergyman! What are you talking about! I did not think you knew so little of the town. All that gentleman's diamond rings you may buy for half-a-crown; and for the clergyman, as you call him, he is no more a parson than you are a pope. The fact is, most of these are brokers, or tag-rags, who attend our sales, to encourage purchasers to bid up; these gentry receive, as pay, what we choose to give them. In a common way, we stand a guinea, to be spent among the whole bunch; but, to-day, we are more civil than usual, as Alderton, knowing some of them may be useful at Haversham's, determined to ask the Jezebels and pick-pockets to a dinner, that I might have an opportunity of hinting how they are to act, when we go in the country."

"He then made me advance to the supposed clergyman, to whom he introduced me, by saying—

"Barker, here is a young one! He is one of the concern."

"The reverend parson, as I had conceived him to be, replied to this, by uttering an oath, indicative of extreme surprise, and added—

"He in the concern! Why, then, I and Jack Raffles, and here he pointed to the dandy, "have been making pretty fools of ourselves all day; we made a dead set at him, and I wondered, we could not get him to make a single bid."

"Dinner came in, and we were all very jolly. The clergyman, the dandy, and the lady, Mrs. Sal Briggs, as Skim familiarly called her, were remarkably good company. My friend, however, whispered to me, that I must not make too free with them, as I should often find it necessary to keep them at a distance; and he especially cautioned me to be on my guard against lending them money; for, if they succeeded in borrowing, I might consider the transaction as closed, and not a single farthing of what they might do me out of, would any one among them ever return.

"I took this advice in very good part, though his alarm for my pecuniary concerns was certainly premature."

We have introduced these scenes as specimens of the author's talents, rather than of his book, the merits of which are very unequal, though many sketches might be selected quite as good as the foregoing. From the nature of the work, however, it would be impossible to give a minute detail of the succession of events in which the hero is implicated, which, in fact, it has been the author's study to render rather varied than important. In Mr. Alderton's service he is employed in disposing of the affairs of Mr. Haver-

sham, one of the most important characters of the book, and intended as a portrait of the late proprietor of a celebrated mansion in one of the southern counties, the erection and subsequent sale of which created an extraordinary sensation among the lovers of vertu.

Mr. Godfrey is subsequently a stock-broker and a joint-stock company projector, in which capacity he visits Greece, for the purpose of exploring the capabilities of its mines and olive-groves, and if possible obtaining the sanction of the Government at Napoli di Romania to negotiate a loan in England. About sixty pages are occupied with Mr. Godfrey's tour in the Ionian Islands and the Morea, some portions of which, it strikes us, that we have already read in a recent publication on Greece.

He afterwards returns to England, is taken up on a suspicion of robbery, confined in Newgate, tried, condemned, reprieved when on the drop, and finally transported to New South Wales. Here, after a variety of adventures, his innocence is established, and he is subsequently recalled to Great Britain. Some singular and dramatic involutions of the story now follow, which are cleverly managed, and George, being in the sequel invested with the possession of a handsome family estate, is married to Adela, who proves to be the daughter of Mr. Haversham.

This outline of the story is, of course, crude and imperfect, but the endless mazes and scenery of the book preclude the possibility of its being rendered more perspicuous in the limits we can afford to it. Its aim seems to be to attack a class of individuals who have as yet been unscathed by literary censure, and to show up the vices of 'the wise men of the East,' as a counterpart to the late exposures of the follies of the West.

From the nature of the book itself, the style of its execution is coarse, vulgar, and often unintelligible and uninteresting; and though some of its exposures may be correct, yet we doubt much if these publications be not injurious. We have seldom seen a student of 'Buchan's Domestic Medicine,' who could not fancy, in every breath he drew, some symptoms of the ailments he had been pondering over. We have ourselves read a series of medical reports on hydrophobia, which made us, for months afterwards, shudder at the very idea of a dog, however harmless; and we have no doubt that, in like manner, the most probable effect of these exposures of commercial and social trickery will be, to engender suspicion and distrust in the minds of its weaker readers, and entail disgust and misconstruction on the simplest acts of many of the worthiest members of society. Nor do we approve of the introduction of several of the cutting personalities which abound in its pages; in more than one instance, we know them to be false, and in all they are egregiously exaggerated. The tendency of the book is decidedly cynical and exasperating; it possesses some most powerful passages, but even these blend disgust with information. The author is thoroughly master of his materials and his pen, and with all its faults and venom, we have little doubt that his publication will be extremely popular, from the varied pictures which it presents of commercial 'Life in London.'

ON THE MANAGEMENT OF CHILDREN.

Observations on the Morality and Physical Management of Children. By J. Robertson, M.R.C.S.E., &c. &c. 12mo. pp. 312. Longman and Co. London, 1827.

This is certainly one of the most curious medical books we have seen, and we have no hesitation in predicting its popularity. The author is one of the surgeons to the Manchester Lying-in Hospital, and his taste seems to have been peculiarly directed to the branch of his profession in which he is most ordinarily employed. His work is divided into two parts. The first is designed to show the amount as well as the causes of infantine mortality, and is illustrated by tables

which must have cost prodigious labour, illustrative of the proportion of deaths in the northern and southern climates of England, but more particularly in the manufacturing and agricultural districts. This is a peculiarly interesting inquiry, and the synoptical reports of Mr. Robertson, will be considered of immense value to the political economist and the philanthropist, as well as the physician or the head of a family. In like manner the tables of the causes of mortality, and the relative proportion of deaths occasioned by individual diseases are peculiarly interesting. We regret that from this portion of the book we cannot make any satisfactory extract, but as a work of reference we consider it highly valuable.

The second part treats of the care and management of children in general. This is no new subject, but it is decidedly treated in a most philosophical and novel point of view. The author does not coincide with Locke's views of the 'Hardening System' applied to children, and we conceive his suggestion to be thoroughly correct.

"The notion that children ought to wear a thin dress, that they may become hardy, was long recommended on speculative principles, and by none more than Locke. It certainly answers with the robust; but taking children in general, the delicate with the strong, how many would die in the seasoning were the theory universally practised! Perhaps it might be safely tried in temperate regions, but in this inclement island, no better expedient could be devised for checking our redundant population. Let children be first sheathed in flannel; and then let them be freely exposed. Without this precaution, their exercise, in certain states of the weather, must necessarily be abridged—a serious evil indeed, as all that are healthy ought to be abroad on most days in the year. In pursuance of the 'Hardening System,' Locke advises that a child's feet be washed every day in cold water; and his shoes made so thin that they may leak and let in water whenever he steps in it. "Here," says he, "I fear I shall have the mistress, and the maids too, against me." To washing the feet in cold water nobody, neither "mistress nor maid," could object; but the latter part of the advice may be differently thought of. Leaky shoes may be allowable, so long as the child is in active exercise, but when he become still, the consequences are sure to be felt. No doubt the hardy and well-seasoned would bear this, and a great deal more, without injury; but unless when circumstances prepare children for it, as when they live in the country, are exposed to every kind of weather, and occasionally tear their shoes in the violence of their sports, the advice appears extravagant and whimsical. Were the pallid offspring of our towns to have their shoes leaky or purposely slit open, the effects, I am persuaded, would be most beneficial to the profession; they would more than repay its members for the bitter things this great philosopher has elsewhere vented against them.

"If Mr. Locke's system is in any shape to be adopted, it would be better at once to make children go barefoot, as is done in Scotland; where the feet, hardened by constant exposure, press the green sod and the snow with equal indifference. Without, however, advocating this relic of barbarism, which, in an advanced state of civilization, northern frugality still cherishes, I cannot help remarking, that as most Scotsmen in childhood have been seasoned in the manner described, it may be queried whether the vigorous health they so generally enjoy in every variety of climate does not, in some measure, depend on this species of early discipline. If it be said that such an inference is in favour of Mr. Locke's plan, I reply, that to go barefoot differs as much from wearing leaky shoes, as being abroad in the cold air differs from a partial exposure of it.

"Children's shoes ought to be made large and easy. Their feet are rapidly expanding: consequently shoes which at present just fit, will pinch in a month. Hence are produced doubling of the toes, painful corns, curving of the nails into the quick; and often headach and general disorder. Shoes for daily wear should never be thin; such shoes do not protect the feet in walking; and instead of encouraging a firm manly step, give rise to a timid, hobbling gait, which is extremely uncount."

The following remarks on bodices, and the dress of young ladies, are extremely important:

"When a girl of five or six years old has her first bodice which is stiffened with perhaps only one piece of whalebone; even this slight impediment to motion

will, in some degree, enfeeble the muscles supporting the trunk: and in course of time, when more *stiffening* is added, these muscles will be almost as effectually deprived of their office, as are those of the arm, when that member reposes in a sling, and the emaciation and debility will be nearly alike in both cases.

I take not upon me to affirm that every instance of lateral curvature of the spine arises from this cause. On the contrary I am inclined to think it acts in producing this complaint only in conjunction with other causes, such as continued derangement of the stomach and bowels, habitual malpostures of the body, and whatever tends to enervate the system generally: but of all these, stiff stays would seem the most efficient, on account of the deformity being almost exclusively confined to the female sex.

Besides their effects on the muscular support of the spinal column, stiff bodices injure the health by compressing the lower part of the chest and the sides. Whoever looks at a human skeleton will observe that the bones of the chest form a hollow cone, the apex of which is at the cervical opening: within, in the living body, lie the lungs, the heart, the great vessels, nerves, and other important parts. The liver, stomach, and upper intestines, though only covered by the ribs in part, suffer more by compression of the base of the cone than parts which lie wholly in its cavity. Tight stays are avowedly worn to improve the figure, by producing a slender waist—that is—by lessening the circumference of the cone at its base—an effect which not only impedes the motions of respiration, of the heart, and great blood vessels; but also the expansion of the stomach, and especially the passing of the digested aliment from this organ into the bowels. Hence arise trains of distressing symptoms and miserable feelings: as sick head-ach, vomiting, pain in the stomach and in the side, short breathing, irregular bowels—in fine, that state which is named, not perhaps scientifically, but most significantly, *delicate health*.

Occasionally we find young ladies who wear stays, ordered to use the dumb-bells, with the view of "opening a narrow chest." This is partly well, as it strengthens the arms and shoulders; but how, under such circumstances, it can "open the chest" is difficult to understand. Suppose a person, about to open a box, were first to tie it round with packing rope, and then begin to prize it open, we should not entertain a very high opinion of his sanity: and we may at least say of the other attempt, that it is a curious instance of prejudice.

A compressed waist has been long thought essential to a fine figure. The bodice and hoops of the beauties of former days meet the eye in every picture gallery; and though less harmless to the shape, these "weapons of the fair" were in quite as good taste as their high heeled shoes and steeple bonnets. The figure, to be beautiful, must be natural. The Chinese, many tribes of savages, and some civilized people, no doubt, think otherwise. Still there must be a standard of reference in this as in other matters of taste. The Grecian females, we know, presented specimens of beauty; at least, this has been generally allowed. Their noble forms, unfettered by caprices in dress, and invigorated by exercise and simple diet, were models for the statuary to imitate, the copy defying even his teeming imagination to add a single grace.

In settling this point, therefore, namely, in what consists the natural form of the waist, we cannot do better than refer to the productions of the best artists—to such forms of beauty as immortalize a Canova and a Chantry. The dancing girls of the former, so finely shown in the etchings of Moses, I would recommend to the study of all who are interested in the education of girls. In them we see nothing of the sunken breast, and the waist in the form of an inverted sugar loaf; but on the contrary the deep chest, the well expanded ribs and the muscular loins; qualities which few can ever possess who are laced from childhood in steel bodices.

If something in the form of stays or bodices is thought to be indispensable, (though under the age of puberty it cannot be necessary,) I would advise it to be made of quilted linen or flannel, without stiffening materials, and instead of being laced, to fasten behind by means of elastic straps, and buckles. It would thus sit close to the body without compressing it, displaying the shape and at the same time allowing perfect freedom of motion.

There are some very curious disquisitions on hereditary diseases, which are amongst the most interesting parts of the volume. We have, however, no room for extracts further than the following pithy hint to young Aldermen:

'Where the gouty predisposition exists, (the disease seldom or never appears under manhood,) such habits of living should be enjoined, and such employments chosen, as are well known to oppose the gouty diathesis. A parent, in such a case, would of course warn his son against the pursuit of civic honours: above all, he should be laid under an injunction to walk through life. To understand the use of this habit, the reader cannot do better than peruse Franklin's amusing dialogue with the gout.'

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

A Discourse on the Objects, Advantages, and Pleasures of Science. 18mo. pp. 182. Baldwin and Cradock. London, 1828.

This is the Introductory Treatise, written by Mr. Brougham, for the First of the Series of Tracts, published under the direction of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. It is now published (by permission of the Society) in a separate volume, illustrated with wood Engravings, by eminent artists. Its original price, in the Tract form, was, if we remember rightly, Sixpence. In its present form it makes a volume of the extent usually sold at Five or Six Shillings—a contrast which is of itself sufficient to show the great advantage, to the majority of the community, of the mode of publication adopted by the Society. The illustrative Engravings by which this more expensive edition is characterised, add, however, much to the value and interest of the Treatise, and fit it for the Library of the most accomplished person. Of the Discourse itself, when we say it is from the pen of Mr. Brougham, and that it ranks among the most successful of even his productions, we cannot be required to add a word of further praise.

Sophia de Lissan, or a Portraiture of the Jews of the Nineteenth Century, by the author of 'Elizabeth Allen,' &c. pp. 268. Gardiner. London, 1828.

This little work contains some very curious and interesting particulars respecting the present state of the Jews, and a good account of their religious and domestic habits. If the author really derived the materials from personal observation, and there is every appearance of its having been so, the information the volume contains is most valuable, and deserves considerable attention. The interest of the work is not a little increased also, by its lively representation of the feelings likely to take place in the mind of a person newly converted from Judaism to Christianity.

The Casquet of Literary Gems, edited by Alexander Whitelaw. In 2 vols. 12mo., pp. 386 and 362. Blackie, Fullerton and Co. Glasgow, 1828.

We have not, for a long period, seen any work from a provincial press more entitled to commendation than this. Its contents, though copious, are extremely varied, including specimens of excellence in almost every branch of letters; its embellishments are respectably designed and executed, and are all appropriate, while the typography is remarkably beautiful. The arrangement of the pieces has been made with great care, though the editor calls them

'Orient pearls at random strung.'

We do not know any work of the same price, which we could name as containing greater attractions for the young especially, than the 'Casquet of Literary Gems,' to which we give no small praise, when we say that its contents fully justify the title bestowed upon it.

Arcana of Science and Art, or One Thousand Popular Inventions and Improvements, abridged from the Transactions of Public Societies and from the Scientific Journals, British and Foreign, of the past year. Illustrated with Engravings. 12mo. pp. 246. Limbird. London, 1828.

This is a collection, made with great taste and judgment, of the most important facts connected with scientific improvements, within the last twelve months; and it is delightful to see, what a mass of useful, as well as ingenious discovery and knowledge has been produced within that comparatively brief period. The volume is closely printed, and contains as much matter as would, in any other form, cost double the price charged for this; the illustration (nineteen in number) are of a character suited to the work, and the whole may be recommended as a fit companion for the rich and poor; as it is suited to every rank, and may be consulted with advantage by persons in all the varied circumstances of life.

A new Check Journal on the principle of Double-Entry, combining the advantages of the Day-Book, Journal, and Cash-Book, &c. &c. By George Jackson, Accountant. 8vo. pp. 140. Eppingham Wilson. London, 1828.

A second edition of this highly useful work having just appeared, we think it due to its merits to bring it thus prominently to the notice of all those who desire to abridge the labour of book-keeping, and to combine facility with accuracy of accounts. The testimonies borne, by the most competent authorities, to the excellence of the plan here explained, are such as cannot fail strongly to recommend the work to general examination; and we can conscientiously add our own meed of approval to that of the many who have already preceded us in the same task, and strongly recommend it to general adoption.

A Treatise on Diet. By J. A. Paris, M.D. F.R.S., &c.—8vo. 3d Edit. Underwood. London, 1828.

We are happy to find another edition of this truly valuable work before the public, augmented by some further useful remarks from its experienced author. The great merit of Doctor Paris's publication is, that, while it contains every thing that can render it acceptable to the professional student, it is so entirely free from all affectation and technical obscurity, that the general reader finds every page of it full of plain and practical instruction. Very different in its nature and contents from the works which have, at different times, been so popular in this country, and which have pretended to teach the whole science of medicine, it is a sensible and safe guide in the prevention of disease, and in that daily management of our appetites in which we must always, in a great measure, be our own physicians.

Mechanics Magazine. Vol. 8. 8vo. Knight and Lacey. London, 1828.

THERE is no popular publication which deserves a higher rank than this useful and far-circulated journal. It is admirably suited to awaken the curiosity of the working classes, and set them upon pursuing inquiries, the result of which must prove beneficial to their general habits and condition. Great praise is due to the Editor for the arrangement and choice of the materials; and, though printed in a form fitted for circulation among the least affluent class of readers, the numbers, when collected into a volume, deserve a place in the library of every man of science.

A Case Book, for registering Cases and Occurrences that may be considered important in Medical and Surgical Practice. 4to. Jackson. London, 1828.

THE present form of a Case Book, now presented for the approbation and use of the medical public, is the best of its kind, being so arranged, as to form a daily register of all the important cases the practitioner may wish to record, and thus equally serviceable to the physician, surgeon, or student. It is carefully printed, and accompanied by a Guide for noting down the symptoms of diseases; an excellent plan, with which every student should be well acquainted.

L'INCENDIO DI BORGO.

WE have reason to believe, that it is not, and never has been, the intention of Mr. Hollins to make a public exhibition of his copy of the Vatican Fresco. We again visited the gallery on Saturday, and conclude from the answer to our inquiries, that any person, who may desire to see this picture, may still be gratified, and that the gallery will remain open for some days longer.

THE NETHERLANDS.

WE find that the printing press of that celebrated man, Didot, has been purchased by the government of the Netherlands, under the arrangement of Mr. Walter, the Inspector-General of Public Instruction. While the political machine in England and France appears to be so frequently deranged, it is gratifying to behold the sure, but silent, progress which the true science of government is making in Belgium, under the reign of a man, who, in the spirit of genuine Christianity, and a successful policy, admits to the administration of public affairs those only who are conspicuous for virtue and talent, without regard to their being Catholics, Protestants, or Jews. The vast foundry of our countryman, John Cockerill, at Liege, promises soon to rival the first we own; and his Belgic Majesty (who has, as an individual, an important interest in the concern) is no less anxious for its prosperity, than zealous in the encouragement of useful establishments in his dominions, of whatever nature, and from whatever quarter they may be derived.

[No. II. of the 'Eight Days at Brighton, by a Foreigner of Distinction,' will be given in our next.]

SKETCHES OF CONTEMPORARY AUTHORS.

No. X.—Sir James Mackintosh.

THE reputation of this writer is very disproportionate to the extent of his definite and tangible performances. He stands, in general estimation, among the highest names of our day for speculative science, for politics, legislation, history, and rhetoric. Yet the works which have gained for him this high character are few and small—two or three pamphlets, a score of speeches, and as many anonymous papers in the *Edinburgh Review*. The merit of these, both for ability of thought and beauty of composition, is a sufficient warrant for the nature of the source from which they came; and we only lament that so bright a water should flow forth in such scanty streams. These writings have been sufficient to convince the world that Sir James Mackintosh is one of a small and neglected class, the lovers of wisdom. But men have done him more justice than they ordinarily render to his brethren; for he is thought of, almost on all hands, not as a dreamer of dreams, a wanderer through a limbo of vanity, but as rich in all recorded knowledge, and an honest and eloquent teacher. This fame has been obtained, not by the size of his writings, but the loftiness of the ground on which they are placed, that pure and philosophical elevation from which even the smallest object will project its shadow over an empire;* and, though vigour and perseverance are necessary to attain that height, how much larger does it make the circle of vision, than, when, standing among the paths of common men, our eyes are strained by gazing into the distance. It is not merely by the talent displayed in his works, brilliant and powerful as it is, nor by the quantity of his information, however various and profound, that he has obtained his present celebrity; but, in a great degree, by the tone of dignity and candour, which is so conspicuous a characteristic of his mind. He has less of the spirit of party than almost any *partisan* we remember.

His greatest talent is the power of acquiring knowledge from the thoughts of others. Of the politicians of our day, if not of all living Englishmen whatever, he is incomparably the most learned. His acquaintance with the history of the human mind, both in the study of its own laws, and in action, is greater than that of any contemporary writer of our country: and his intimacy with the revolutions and progress of modern Europe, both in politics and literature, is, indeed, perfectly marvellous. He is also the more to be trusted in his writings on these points, because he is not very exclusively wedded to any peculiar system or even science. Many of the chroniclers or commentators of particular tracts in the wide empire of knowledge, seem to consider that their own department is the only important one, or even that their own view of it is incalculably and beyond dispute, the most deserving of attention; their works thus resemble some oriental maps, in which the Indian ocean is a creek of the Persian gulf, and Europe, Asia, and Africa, are paltry appendages to Arabia. Sir James Mackintosh is, in a great degree, free from this error: and we are inclined to think, that the most valuable service he has it in his power to render to the world, would be by publishing a history of philosophy from the tenth to the seventeenth century; not because he has thought the thoughts, or felt the feelings, of those ages, but because he would give us fair and candid abstracts of the books which he had studied, and would supply questions to be answered by the oracle, of which he is not himself a priest; so that men of a more

catholic, and less latitudinarian spirit, might find in his pages the elements of a wisdom to which he can minister, though he cannot teach it. He knows whatever has been produced in other men by the strong and restless workings of the principles of their nature. But he seems himself to have felt but little of such prompting. The original sincerity and goodness of his mind, display themselves unconsciously in much of his writing; but they do not appear to have given him that earnest impulsion which would have made him an apostle of truth, and a reformer of mankind. He is in all things a follower of some previously recognised opinions, because he has neither the boldness which would carry him beyond the limits consecrated by habit, nor the feeling of a moral want unsatisfied, which would have urged him thus to take a wider range. But having an acute intellectual vision, and a wish to arrive at conviction, he has chosen the best of what was before him, *within* the region of precedent and authority. He has plucked the fairest produce of the domain of our ancestors from the trees that they planted, and which have been cultivated till now in their accustomed methods. But he has not leaped the boundaries, and gone forth to search for nobler plants and richer fruit, nor has he dared to touch even the tree of knowledge which flourishes within the garden. He has looked for truth among the speculations of a thousand minds, and he has found little but its outward forms. He has abstracted something here, and added something there; he has classed opinions, and brought them into comparison; and picked out this from one, and joined on that to another; now wavered to the right, now faltered to the left; and scarce rejecting or believing any thing strongly, has become learned with unprofitable learning, and filled his mind with elaborate and costly furniture, which chokes up its passages, and darkens its windows. He has slain a hundred systems, and united their lifeless limbs into a single figure. But the vital spirit is not his to give. It is not the living hand of Plato or Bacon, which points out to him the sanctuary; but the monuments and dead statues of philosophers block up the entrance to the Temple of Wisdom. His mind is made up of the shreds and parings of other thinkers. The body of his philosophic garment is half taken from the gown of Locke, and half from the cassock of Butler; the sleeves are torn from the robe of Leibnitz, and the cape is of the ermine of Shaftesbury; and wearing the cowl of Aquinas, and shod in the sandals of Aristotle, he comes out before the world with the trumpet of Cicero at his lips, the club of Hobbes in one hand, and the mace of Bacon in the other.

Having thus formed his opinions from books, without having nourished any predominant feeling or belief in his own mind,—his creed is far too much a matter of subtleties and difficulties, and nicely balanced system. It is all arranged and polished, and prepared against objection, and carefully compacted together like a delicate mosaic; but it is not a portion of the living substance of his mind. It is easy to perceive, to learn, to talk about a principle, and the man of the highest talent will do this best. But, to know it, it must be felt. And here the man of talent is often at fault, while some one without instruction, or even intellectual power, may not only apprehend the truth, as if by intuition, rather than by thought, but embrace and cherish it in his inmost heart, and make it the spring of his whole being. Sir James Mackintosh has, unfortunately, buried the seeds of this kind of wisdom under heaps of learned research and difficult casuistry. He has given no way to the free expansion of his nature; nor rendered himself up to be the minister and organ of good, which will needs speak boldly wherever there are lips willing to interpret it. This, perhaps, is not seen clearly by the world. But the want is felt; and the most disciplined metaphysician, be the strength and width of his

comprehension what it may, will inevitably find, that men can reap no comfort nor hope in doubts and speculations, however ingenious, or however brilliant, unless they hear a diviner power breathing in the voices of their teachers. The understanding can speak only to the understanding. The memory can enrich only the memory. But there is that within us, of which both understanding and memory are instruments; and he who addresses it can alone be certain that his words will thrill through all the borders of the world, and utter consolation to all his kind.

He seems to us to be a man of doubting and qualifying mind, who would willingly find out the best if he had courage to despise the throng, to desert their paths, and boldly go in search of it. He heads the crowd in the road they are travelling; but he will not seek to lead them in a new direction. Nor is it only in any one particular department of thought that he seeks to support himself by the doctrines of his predecessors, and the prejudices of his contemporaries; in short, to move the future by the rotten lever of the past. It is a propensity which guides and governs him in all his labours. In politics, he is a professed whig; that is, a man who, provided no great and startling improvements are attempted, is perfectly willing that mankind, as they creep onward, should fling off, grain by grain, the load with which they now are burdened: though he holds it certain that we are doomed by nature to sweat and groan for ever under by far the larger portion of our present fardels. He will not venture to conclude that the whole of a political system is bad; but his reason and his good feelings tell him that the separate parts are all indefensible. He halts perpetually between two opinions; and while decidedly a friend to the people, he is not near so certainly an enemy to bad government. He is too wise and too virtuous not to know that reform must begin; but he is too cautious and timid to pronounce how far it shall be allowed to go. What he would do in politics, is all good; but he seems afraid to proceed to extremity, even in improvement. This propensity arises in part from his natural hesitation and weakness of temperament: but is strengthened, and in his view sanctioned, by the effects of his historical studies. For he seems to have been very much influenced by the feeling of exclusive respect for the past, which is so apt to creep unconsciously and gradually, like the rust of time upon a coin, over the minds of those who devote themselves chiefly to by-gone ages. They do not see how far the path is open before us, because their eyes are constantly turned backwards; and, from the same cause, they are liable, in moving onward, to stumble over the slightest impediment. Sir James Mackintosh has obviously escaped (thanks to his speculative and benevolent habit of feeling) from the worst degree of this tendency; and, in charging him with it at all, we are not sure that his attempt to reform the criminal law might not be held up to us as a sufficient and complete answer. But it certainly does seem, that it has acted upon him in a certain degree, in connection with the bent of his moral and metaphysical opinions, to prevent him from hoping, and therefore from attempting, any great amelioration of mankind. He is, moreover, from his habits of research and study, far too much of the professor, to be all that he ought to be of the statesman. With his eloquence, his knowledge of the laws, his station in general opinion, and his seat in Parliament, he might make himself an instrument of the widest good. But, alas! he retreats from the senate to the library, and, when he casually emerges into affairs, he, who might be the guiding star of his country, if he be not a mere partisan, appears as little better than a book-worm.

It is truly wonderful to consider, recognised by all as are the talents and acquisitions of Sir James Mackintosh, how little effect he produces upon the public mind. Every body is willing to

* If we remember right, it is said, that, from one of the Swiss mountains, the traveller may see his own shadow thrown at sunrise to a distance of many leagues.

respect his judgment, and to learn from his knowledge; but the prophet will not speak. He holds a sceptre which he will not wield, and is gifted with a futile supremacy. He is one of the many able men who do nothing, because they cannot do all. He seems to spend his time in storing up information for the 'moth and rust to corrupt.' He has none of the eager earnestness of mind, which would make him impatient at seeing the great and mingling currents of human life flow past him, without himself plunging into the stream. He forgets that, if he had written ten times as much, it would probably be only a few degrees less precious than what he has accomplished: and the world would have been influenced nearly ten times more by his abilities and knowledge. He would, doubtless, then have been prevented from heaping into his memory so much of the deeds and sayings of other men; but he would have done more good, and said more truth, himself. He would not so thoroughly have known past history; but he would have been a nobler subject for future historians. Even his opinions on the constitution and laws of the human mind, he has never put forth boldly and formally; nor would it be easy to prove, from either his avowed or his anonymous productions, at what point he stands between Kant and Hume. On one great subject, namely, the essential difference between right and wrong, he has more than once declared himself; and as this point is at present of great interest, and larger masses of belief seem daily ranging themselves on opposite sides, it is one with regard to which we will venture to say a very few words. It is the theory of Sir James Mackintosh that expediency is the foundation of morality, but a large and universal expediency, which embodies itself in rules that admit of no question or compromise. He thus stands among the advocates of 'utility,' but on the border nearest to their antagonists. His principle is obviously much less liable to fluctuation and uncertainty, than that of the reasoners who, like him, basing their system on expediency, perpetually recur to the first principle of the doctrine, and will never take for granted, however general may be the assent of mankind, that any rule of conduct is right, unless they can demonstrate its beneficial consequence. The whole question, however, is evidently one of fact, and it would be futile to say that a different notion from that of the 'Utilitarians' would be more useful than theirs, supposing that, as they pretend, their creed can be proved to be the true one. But on this ground we are content to place the matter; and we are just as certain, as of the existence of our senses, that there is, in the human mind, a simple and primary idea of the distinction between right and wrong, not produced by experience, but developing itself in proportion to the growth of the mind. We do not say that the contrary belief is false, because it produces the state of moral disease which, we think, we can observe in the greater number of its supporters; but we maintain, that it is at once the result and the evidence, in short, the symptom, of that unhealthy condition. It is one of the characteristics of that mental habit in which there is so much of narrowness both in thought and feeling, and which has so strong a tendency to repress all that there is within us of nobler and more hopeful power. It seems certain that the habitual recurrence to expediency, as the standard of our conduct, must have the tendency to make us less and less moral, and more and more selfish beings; until it has completely extinguished those sympathies which unite us to all our race, and which never were acted upon uniformly by any one who was accustomed to calculate their re-action upon himself.

That Sir James Mackintosh holds the theory of expediency in such a manner as to diminish his benevolence, we certainly do not believe. Like all the good men who have adopted this system, he probably feels a power which his intellect denies; and it is this which adds all the sanction

and glory, which he and they are conscious of, to the relations that connect them with their species. But that his denial of any other basis of moral distinction than expediency has tended very much to cramp the general strain of his speculations, we are just as certain; and we think that the traces of this result, or rather of the character of mind which produced both evils, may be observed in his earliest production. The 'Vindiciæ Gallicæ' is a very clever book to have been written by a very young man. There is in it a completeness and vigour of reasoning, and a fulness and almost eloquence of style, which would do credit to any time of life, and justly brought distinction to the youth of Sir James Mackintosh. But there is perhaps in that very nearness to excellence an evidence that there could be no closer approach. A child of three feet high, and of the exact proportions of a man, is a miracle in boyhood; but he will never grow, and the man will be a dwarf. The mind, exhibited in the work in question, is not in the immaturity of greatness, but second-rate power in its highest development. There are in it none of the eager rushings to a truth, which is yet beyond our reach,—none of those unsuccessful graspings at wide principles, and abortive exertions to make manifest those ideas of which as yet we only feel the first stirrings,—none of those defeated attempts, the best warrant of future success, which we find in the earlier works of master intellects. It is not that he has an imperfect view of an extensive field, but that he seems circumscribed by a boundary, within which all is clear to him, but beyond which he does not attempt to look. There are no chasms, such as in thinking over a subject almost every young man must have felt that he did not know how to fill up, but which he knew, at the same time, required to be closed by some idea which he could not at the time command. There is nothing of this sort from beginning to end of the book; and therefore a philosopher might have predicted even then that the writer would never reform a science, or create a system. The department of thought in which, from the time he is understood to have given to it, and from its own exceeding imperfection, he would have been most likely to work out some great regeneration, is the philosophy of international law. Yet it stands very nearly where it did: and Sir James Mackintosh does not seem even to have attempted to introduce new principles, into a mass of rule and custom that is still, in a great degree, what it was made by the necessities or ignorance of our semi-barbarous forefathers. He seems to us, in short, to be distinguished chiefly by readiness in accumulating the thoughts of others, by subtlety in discerning differences, and by the greatest power of expression which can exist without any thing of poetical imagination.

THE SOCIETY AND LITERATURE OF FRANCE, BY A RESIDENT AT PARIS.

No. I.

[A Gentleman of rank and education, now resident at Paris, has undertaken to present the readers of 'THE ATHENÆUM,' weekly, on one of its days of publication, with Anecdotes of the leading personages in the Fashionable Society of Paris, as well as notices of the principal Works which may be published in that capital during the previous week. If the task be well executed, of which we have the strongest assurances, this rapid communication of the leading topics of interest from one capital to the other, and through this to the world, cannot fail to be highly interesting. We have, at least, the greatest confidence in the ability and fidelity of the writer; and present, with this avowal, his first and introductory letter.]

Paris, March 5.

WITH respect to politics, you have every thing fixed and settled in England. On the contrary, all is uncertain in France. Nobody can tell what our Government will be in the course of a few years. It is not by any means my main object to discuss politics. However, as the state of uncertainty to which I have thus glanced, gives origin to a great number of works, it becomes necessary to advert to it. Every year, for instance, there is

published some new history of the reign of the Stuarts in England. The greater number of those histories are disfigured by, if I may use the expression, a pamphleteer style. Instead of being a pure mirror, in which the reader may clearly perceive the events such as they passed, it evidently appears, that the object of the author is to say to Charles X., 'Take care that your weak partiality for the Jesuits does not bring about, to your own loss, a revolution such as that of England in 1688.'

The best of these histories of the Stuarts is M. Guizot's. The author is a man of merit, whose style is sometimes sententious and obscure, in the Genevese manner. He often substitutes dissertation for narrative. This is the fault of all our historians, with the exception of M. de Barante, author of the celebrated 'History of the Counts of Burgundy,' which, I believe, is now in its fifth edition.

I observe, that the idea formed of the French, throughout Europe, is always forty years behind the fact. The French of 1828 are judged according to 'Grimm's Correspondence,' 'Mercier's Picture of Paris,' and other works, which paint more or less accurately the French people, such as they were in 1788, at the eve of the Revolution. The dangers and the uncertainties of every kind, into which the revolution plunged us, have produced a very singular effect.

Nothing can be more different than the light, gay, careless Frenchman of 1788, and the reasoning and political Frenchman of 1828. But the same opposition does not exist between the literature of 1788, and of the present day.

That respectable gentleman, Mr. Arnaut, Sen., who is exiled by the Bourbons, has written a tragedy, which has been performed under the title of 'The Gueffs and Ghibbelines.' This tragedy is precisely of the same class, as those which were written about 1788, by Ducis, Laharpe, and other successors of Voltaire. We have had no revolution in tragedy; our troubles and our political agitations have prevented us from thinking seriously of requiring from our tragic authors pieces conformable to our present taste and ideas. The visit of some English actors to Paris, who perform in *La Salle Favart*, one of our handsomest theatres, has produced a great change in our ideas respecting tragedy. The 'Romeo and Juliet' of Shakspeare, the 'Venice Preserved' of Otway, have been completely successful. I can assure you, that those performances have been a principal subject of conversation in all polite and well-informed companies in Paris. If the celebrated Kean should come over in the month of May, to give us an idea of the real characters of 'Richard the Third,' 'Othello,' and 'Sir Giles Overreach,' I do not doubt that French tragedy, and even our serious comedy, would undergo some change. We should no longer be satisfied with the brilliant sketches and fine versification of Voltaire; we should prefer 'Othello' to its imitation in 'Zaire.' Under Charles II., English authors imitated the French of the age of Louis XIV.; but under Charles X., France, become more profound, will imitate Shakspeare, Massinger, and the other dramatists of that distinguished epoch of English literature.

After these preliminary observations, which may serve to describe the general tendency of French Literature, I shall enter more directly into the subject. We have but one dramatic author, who is always sure of amusing the public, and that is M. Scribe, whose best sketches I have seen performed at the French theatre in Tottenham-court Road. The author of the 'Mariage de Raison,' and the 'Somnambule,' is always sure to make all Paris run after him. Most of his pieces have been played more than a hundred times.

'La Reine de Seize Ans,' a piece in M. Scribe's style, is at present very successful. The object of this sketch is to paint Queen Christina, of Sweden, at the age of sixteen. It will be recollected that this is the princess, who caused her

lover, the unfortunate Monaldeschi, to be assassinated. M. Bayard is the author of the 'Reine de Seize Ans.'

While writing to you, I have received 'La Conspiration du Général Mallet,' a Proverb by M. de Fongerey. This conspiracy against Napoleon, which took place in 1812, during his retreat from Moscow on Wilna, is one of the most singular events in the history of France. The men of talent, who conceal themselves under the name of M. de Fongerey, have painted this conspiracy with the greatest truth. The piece well deserves to be translated into English. A new collection of pieces by the energetic but sombre author, who conceals himself under the name of 'Clara Gazul,' is announced. This young man has some singular traits of resemblance to Lord Byron.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

Italian Opera—King's Theatre.

The estimate which we formed of the probable attraction of 'La Clemenza di Tito' has not been exceeded. It was performed a second time, with the Overture to the 'Freischütz' by way of rider, and then gave place to 'Otello,' one of the heaviest of Rossini's Operas. The Overture to the latter piece is, with regard to good design and originality, perhaps, the best which Rossini has composed; but, notwithstanding the feelings of satisfaction which pervade us at the rising of the curtain, we never arrive at the termination of the Opera without a strong sense of ennui, closely allied to disgust. The subject is not congenial to Rossini's pen; his imagination fires at the legends of tournaments and crested knights, but is too active to pourtray tranquilly, yet effectively, the steady march towards the gloomy catastrophe of tragedy. The plot presents incidents impossible to be merged happily either into melody or into recitative, and the histrionic action in the latter scenes has been judiciously altered and curtailed as too violent and gross for the operatic stage. An additional drawback exists in the constant recollection of first-rate tragedians in the principal male character, of which, as regards acting, Signor Curioni is but a tame representative. He is the mildest Moor, under the varying symptoms of jealousy, that our imagination can conceive; and were it not for the act of execution which is never spared to us, we might still cherish hopes of his ultimate recovery.

Tancredi followed 'Otello,' and, on Thursday last, Meyerbeer's Opera of 'Il Crociato in Egitto' was produced for the first time these two years. The cause assigned for this deviation, before Easter, from the usual operatic nights, is stated to be the present advanced state of the season compared with the number of performances intended to be given. This Opera was originally produced on a Thursday in June 1825, for the benefit of Signor Velluti, at which time he made his first public appearance in this country.

As connected with the mention of this gentleman, and the production of the 'Crociato,' we may briefly notice a correspondence which has lately taken place, and has been published in one of the daily prints. We gather from it, that the manager, notwithstanding the numerous expensive engagements bequeathed to him with the establishment, wished to produce the present Opera, with Signor Velluti in his original character, as well as 'Semiramide,' supported by the united talents of that gentleman and of Madame Pasta. The terms demanded, in the first instance, appear to have been, for six nights, 800*l.* and a clear benefit. Mr. Laporte's offer was only 400*l.* and the half of such benefit, guaranteed, however, at a like sum. Eventually, a proposal of 200*l.* and a full benefit, was entertained; but whether originating with the manager or the friend of Signor Velluti, Mr. Tradelloni, is not easily decided, as, on this point, the assertions of these two gentlemen widely differ. Suffice it to say, that Mr. Tradelloni distinctly states the latter offer to have been broken off in consequence of managers refusing to allow four more days to prepare the Opera of 'Semiramide.' For ourselves, we can scarcely imagine the rupture of a negotiation like the above to have been occasioned by so frivolous a difference; we suspect it to have been rather occasioned by the unapproximating views as to terms entertained by each party, especially as the last proposal had never been positively acceded to, either by Signor Velluti or his friend. At the unsuccessful issue of these preliminaries we feel little grieved. Signor Vel-

luti is an incomparable artist; his style is eminently classical and pure, his knowledge of music and operatic business is not surpassed; but these qualifications lose considerably in effect, the instant he utters a sound. His shrill and discordant tones ever give a mournful direction to the wanderings of the imagination, and we listen to his liveliest airs in a mood of sadness. If Signor Velluti would condescend to remain behind the scenes, and would take the direction of the Opera, the highest salary would be well bestowed on him; but, as filling the principal characters, our gratification is mingled with other and very opposite sensations. We must, nevertheless, confess that the 'Crociato,' wherein he had so many opportunities for the display of his powers, appears on revival, deprived of his support, flat and rapid in comparison with the original effect.

The personnel of 'Il Crociato in Egitto' has undergone other changes, beside that in the principal character; it may therefore not be superfluous to recapitulate briefly the present cast.

Aladino	Signor Porto
Palmyre	Madame Caradori
Geminio	Signor Deville
Alma	Madame Castelli
Adriano	Signor Curioni
Felicia	Mademoiselle Brambilla
Armando	Madame Pasta

Since the production of this opera in 1825, the music and the words also have been subjected to considerable alterations. We have now a lengthy chorus and dance in Palmyre's Bower, early in the first act; Madame Pasta introduces, on her *entrée*, a widely different air to that *chef-d'œuvre* of Velluti, 'Cara mano dell' Amore,' as also an entire new scena towards the middle of the second act: Mademoiselle Brambilla likewise favours us with something new, where Garcia formerly introduced a bravura of her father's composition, while, by way of counterbalancing the additions, some few portions of the former text towards the conclusion are omitted. The opera, in its present state, is much too long; the second act loses considerably in effect from this cause, and the curtain fell at the conclusion of the first representation some time past midnight.

The music of this opera is too well known to render any particular analysis at this period necessary. Full of original ideas, amply developed and supported, it may justly be considered as one of the happiest efforts of living talent. The first act, from the opening chorus to the finale, is a master-piece. Plagiarisms and imitations of modern masters are, however, by no means scarce: we will mention one instance which struck us most forcibly. The chorus of Emirs, in the second act, is in its earlier parts a closer imitation of that beautiful air, 'Benedetta sia et la madre,' than we could have imagined any eminent composer to have permitted himself. The choruses are, without doubt, the finest portions of the opera. The quintett, 'Sogni ridenti,' in the first act, and the quartett, 'O Nume Clemente,' in the second, are admirable in a more tranquil style. On the first representation, the choristers in the opening scene, and previous to the landing of Armando, were often out in time; but the trumpet-chorus succeeded better than we had anticipated—the instruments at the top of the battlements being, after the first few notes, in excellent time. At the second performance great praise was due to the choruses, but little to the trumpets, which fell woefully short of the precision of the gambatis.

By the correspondence above noticed, we perceive that Madame Pasta was not very desirous of appearing before the public in the 'Crociato.' We believe it; for no singer, with any strong solicitude for reputation, would volunteer an appearance in this character, while the recollection of Velluti is still fresh in the public mind. At the time of his performance, we could not but remark the disadvantage under which the tones of the clearest voices laboured, when brought into immediate contact with his crisp and piercing notes: a solo upon the violinello immediately succeeding one upon the violin, would have an equally tame effect: Hence Madame Pasta, whose voice is not of the clearest *timbre* in the lower tones, was unavoidably subjected to an unfavourable comparison; in addition to which, during the early part of the opera on the first night she appeared indisposed, and sang rather flat towards the conclusion of several of her airs. An incident occurred in the course of the performance, which we shall notice more fully hereafter, sufficient to rouse every spark of slumbering fire. In the second act, she completely rallied, and executed the scena which she introduced in a masterly style. Her passages in the Cavatina surpassed every thing we had previously heard in that *genre* from her. The duet in the finale, with Madame Caradori, was as well sung as it must have

been deeply studied; and notwithstanding the length of the opera, it was received with rapture.

Madame Caradori and Curioni sustain their original characters; in both they were every thing to be desired, and as they most assuredly have, during the two latter years, neither lost in voice nor in talent, we can only say that the characters could not be in better hands.

Notwithstanding Porto replaces Remorini, in the part of Aladino, he acquits himself with considerable credit. It will probably be many years before we meet with the equal of the latter-named artist; he was a *basso-cantante* of the first order, and his early decease, which we have just learnt, will be regretted in all the operatic corps in which he has shone. Porto gave too good-humoured a delineation of the Sultan of Damietta, but he looked the Turk to admiration.

Mademoiselle Brambilla wants that finish to be acquired only by time and study. She has some beautiful low notes; but the intonation of her upper tones requires more exertion to bring them out in perfect tune. In the quartett and quintett, her execution was at all times correct, and of great beauty, and support to those who sang with her; but her solos were less effective. The first part of that hackneyed and delicious trio, 'Giovinetto Cavalier,' was given by this young lady in a pleasing style. The mellow tones of her voice, guided by a correct and sensible ear, rendered her part in the trio delicious. The aria, introduced by her in the second act, was also well executed, though it produced but little effect.

The scenery has undergone no change. We have the harbour which pleased us three years ago, and a cataract upon what is stated to be 'the Nile near Damietta,' the nearest cataract on the Nile being at least 500 miles from that sea-port of Egypt! Madame Pasta's first dress in Armando is unbecoming, and in the worst taste; the second, though different from that worn by Velluti, became her much better.

We have expressed our repugnance to the tones of Velluti: the present revival has, nevertheless, shown us of what great assistance his powers and good taste are to an opera. It would be well were the manager to refrain from reviving pieces in which this artist has performed within the recollection of nine-tenths of the audience. The 'Crociato,' as we have before hinted, appears to us at present somewhat flat, although, as a whole, we prefer it to any of the productions of this season. We must again protest against the selfish and unfeeling encores which are constantly enforced at the King's Theatre. The circumstances attendant on the call for the repetition of *Giovinetto Cavalier*, on Thursday, present a tolerable specimen of the ruthless perseverance of a small portion of the house, consisting of a few sexagenarians and others, whom we hear, a few minutes previously, inquire 'Which is Madame Pasta?' Small as this number may be conceived to be, the majority are not able to subdue it by any gentlemanly expression of dissent. At the conclusion of the trio, named above, Madame Pasta necessarily hurried from the stage, to change (as must be known to every one who had seen the opera) her Turkish costume for the full armour of a Christian Knight. The continued demand for the *encore* could only have reached her in her dressing-room; and willing to explain to the Goths and Gods the real cause of delay, this lady made her appearance in a *deshabille*, imperfectly concealed by a cloak, and retired once more to complete the change of attire. *Messieurs les Amateurs* were, however, not to be appeased by such an exhibition. The dissent and the applause continued, until a person in black came forward, and stated that he was desired by the Manager to explain that the 'indispensable necessity' for Madame Pasta's change of dress was the sole cause of her not immediately complying with the wishes of the house. This produced a species of calm; and the opera proceeded until the re-appearance of Madame Pasta, clad in armour cap-a-pie, when the slumbering discontent burst forth in numerous hisses. Madame Pasta came forward repeatedly, pointed to her altered costume, and eventually succeeded in reducing the malcontents to silence. She made, if such were wanting, every reparation in the cavatina in the second act, which she immediately repeated as perfect as in the first performance. All who frequent the opera regularly, can bear testimony to the invariable respect and deference which Madame Pasta pays to the applause and wishes of the public. Is it then reasonable—is it manly to insist upon an *encore* when the circumstances which render it inconvenient are fully explained? On Saturday, Madame Pasta waited on the stage, after the trio, the latter portion of which was repeated.

A Divertissement was introduced between the acts of

the opera, a practice which we think altogether destructive of the effect which the opera itself is calculated to produce, distracting the attention, breaking the continuity of feeling and sympathy in the events and personages of the drama; and as much out of place as Shakspeare's absurd introduction of clowns and fools in this most impassioned parts of his tragedies. This is a custom which we may truly say would be 'more honoured in the breach than in the observance.' The masterly and delicate solos of Mr. Oury, on the violin, were, however, some compensation for the interruption. This legatee of poor Kiesewetter will, we doubt not, ere long, become the first violin player in England, if not in Europe.

There were portions of this Opera, in the concerted pieces especially, where the combined powers of Pasta, Caradori, Brambilla, Curioni, and Porto, produced enchanting music; and the general aspect of the scene, the appropriate expression of the countenances, and the bright eyes and beaming smiles, of the three first especially, in perfect unison with the sentiments under utterance, formed altogether one of the most attractive and impressive exhibitions that we ever remember to have witnessed, even on these boards.

Drury Lane—Saturday.

MR. KENNEY'S Comedy of 'Forget and Forgive,' with some alterations, and compressed within the compass of three acts, was reproduced at this theatre last night, under the title of 'Frolics in France.' The scene of operations lies in the gay Gallic capital, and we confess, that from the spirit and briskness of the dialogue, the grotesqueness of some of the situations, and the *riant* and pleasant vein of the sentiment, we felt 'the genius of the place' about us, and imagined, for the while, that we had crossed the Straits of Dover, and were among the merry and light-hearted people, for whose manners, wines, and cookery, we profess the most disinterested affection.

The object of the change which the piece under our notice has undergone, is to reduce Mr. Kenney's obligations to Mr. Holcroft's comedy of 'Love's Fraillities,' which were grossly exaggerated by some journals, but more particularly by 'The Morning Herald,' in an ignorant and personal vein.

In accomplishing this object, which Mr. Kenney has successfully done, for hardly a line is left of Mr. Holcroft's comedy, the serious scenes of the play, which were certainly the least effective, are materially shortened, and, we should think, altogether re-written. The piece is, certainly, much the better for this change; it now acts with unabated spirit throughout, and bids fair to be as popular as the author's warmest friends can desire.

With respect to the performance, however, though there was much to praise, yet was there also somewhat to blame. The part of *Sir Gregory Ogle* did not receive that justice to which it was entitled at the hands of Mr. W. Bennett. Indeed, this character should have been given to Mr. Dowton, and it certainly was an injustice to the author that it was not cast for him. Mr. Young, too, was a most moody and ungentelemanlike *Charles Sydney*. His air is bad, and his appearance vulgar; and though the same may be said of a thousand and one gentlemen in real life, yet we are of opinion, that on the stage we should be presented with the *beau idéal* of the character. This part, therefore, should have remained with Mr. Wallack, as the person most competent to render it full justice. Though there was no one in the company, to whom the part of *Sir Edward Mowbray* could have been given, who would have played it better than Mr. Hooper, still that gentleman is but an indifferent representative of a man of rank and fashion.

Of the representatives of the remaining characters, which, with the addition of *Sir Edward Mowbray*, are all original, we cannot speak in other terms than those of the most unmixed praise. The part of *Mr. Rumbold* was in the hands of Liston, and what with his French phrase, his knowing the secrets of every body, from 164 Rue Faubourg St. Honoré, to the cheese-shop at the corner of Aldermanbury, and his assumption of the air and dress of an *ugly* lord whom he resembled—he kept the house in a quick succession of laughter *aux éclats*; nor was Mr. J. Russell, who, we understand, assumed the part of the *Baron Ledoux* at twenty-four hours' notice, less amusing. His French English was admirable, though we cannot say as much for his French; but this is a remark which applies to all the performers, for none of them appeared to be endowed with the gift of tongues. Mrs. Orger was particularly successful as *Jeanette*, and Miss Ellen Tree as interesting as ever in the *Painter's Daughter*. Mrs. C.

Jones, too, as *Lady Ogle*, was as vulgar and termagant as the author could wish; and her daughter, *Palmyra*, (Miss A. Tree,) as sentimental as the reading of Jean Jacques could make her; while her sister *Kitty*, (Miss Nicol,) gave us a pleasant and noisy dash of the genuine hoyden. On the whole, we pronounce that 'Frolics in France' will be as much relished as a superior bottle of sparkling champagne.

BRITISH DIORAMA.

A new exhibition under this title was opened last week in the Bazaar, recently established in Oxford-street, by Mr. Hamlet. The paintings, four in number, are by Stamford and Roberts, and are clever and spirited specimens of the abilities of those well-known artists. The views they present are the *Lago Maggiore*, in the north of Italy; *St. George's Chapel, Windsor*; the *Shipwreck of an East Indianman*, and *Tintern Abbey*: all subjects well suited for Dioramic pictures, and treated with very great effect by the two painters who have emulated each other in their execution. The view of the *Lago Maggiore*, is taken from the town of Arona, on its western border. The little port forms an excellent foreground. In the distance on the right, the River Ticino, issuing from the lake to take its course towards the Po, suggests the idea of the rich plains which are about to open on the traveller as he leaves the Alps behind him; while the lucid element of the lake itself, and the village of Angera on its eastern shore, with the ruined castle on the heights, backed and surmounted by the roaring Alps, conveys a general and pleasing idea of the peculiarities in the character of the delightful scenery which announces the arrival in the classic land. A license has been taken in forcing the mountains into the picture from their actual situation, so that we have before us a composition rather than the representation of a real scene.

St. George's Chapel, as an architectural subject, is better suited than a landscape for a diorama. It is treated most happily, and with effects truly illusive. Most of our readers know the original, and need no description; those who do not, have only to journey as far as Oxford-street to have the opportunity of forming a perfect notion of that sumptuous gothic edifice.

The Wreck of an East Indianman is the work of a pencil of great spirit and power. The high and rugged rocks, the chafing of the sea, the huge hull despoiled of her gallant masts, the waves strewn with the wreck, the bustle of the equipage and of the wreckers, the cessation of the storm, the subsiding turmoil of the elements, the gloomy but retiring clouds, form a grand, picturesque, and affecting scene, equally commendable for its conception and execution.

For the peculiar effects of a dioramic view, *Tintern Abbey* is, perhaps, of all the four subjects, the best chosen. The beautiful ruin appears before us in all its reality, improved by the usual mysterious effects of this kind of exhibition. The light-and-shadow in this picture is truly magical; the parts are so completely relieved, that it is difficult to persuade the eye that it is viewing a plane surface. This effect is happy throughout the whole picture, but is more especially remarkable in the trunk and branches of the barkless and withered tree in the foreground.

The other effects, or tricks, (innocent tricks, shall we call them?) of throwing various lights on the pictures, are cleverly managed. We may instance these in the *Wreck* more especially. That scene is beheld at first obscurely, as in a mist of wind and storm; the mist disperses slowly, and displays, with gradually increasing brightness, the sad effects of the tempest's fury. There are few exhibitions at once so interesting and so moderate in the price of admission.

The Bazaar is less brilliant than we had expected to see it: but its situation, we presume, will insure its success.

LOUGH'S SCULPTURES.

MR. LOUGH has not been idle since he drew on himself the public attention and applause by his admirable statue of Milo. The works in which he has been subsequently engaged, give occasion, this season, to a second exhibition, which, in addition to the figure already mentioned, and to its former companion, 'Sampson slaying the Philistines,' contains models of a group, 'Somnus and Iris,' and of a single figure, 'Musidora.'

These works do the artist much credit; they evince great powers, but they are less pregnant with promises of future excellence than was the 'Milo.' The grandeur of conception and execution, united with a feeling

of the antique which that figure displayed, raised, at the time, very exalted ideas of the capacity of its author; and now also, and after the lapse of several months, when the extraordinary interest excited by the knowledge of the privations under which the work was produced, has subsided, it bears the test of more dispassionate observation, and proves that the enthusiasm it inspired is to be attributed scarcely less to its intrinsic merit than to the interesting circumstances under which it was executed. The 'Milo' may have its faults of detail; but the high and sublime character of the work, as a whole, will never cease to excite and to deserve admiration.

The more recent productions of Mr. Lough are of a different class. In their kind, they are less successful efforts. Grace and elegance are the characteristics of the subjects on which he has exercised his talents; but in their treatment, there is an absence of both these qualities, and a neglect of that refined style of nature which is indispensable in a work of sculpture. The figures may be true to nature; they have probably been modeled after the life; that the trunk of the *Musidora* has been so formed, there appears no doubt; but art recognizes two sorts of nature—the ordinary or coarse, Flemish or Rubensic, and the refined or ideal. In paintings we overlook, if we do not excuse, the adoption of the former, when, and only when, great merit in other respects, in colouring for instance, draws off the attention from a close examination of the forms; but in sculpture, which depends entirely on form, ordinary nature can never be successfully followed; in that art, the *gracioso*, the *beau idéal* alone is, or can be, tolerated. Mr. Lough has ventured to model on another principle, and has failed. The failure is the more striking, as in the head of the *Musidora*, he has employed a different style, and departing from the living form, after which he had designed the rest of the figure, has adopted the antique, and that with more servility than feeling. In the group of 'Somnus and Iris,' there is much happy expression in the heavy repose of the figure of 'Somnus,' but the treatment is rather more in the manner, we will not say in imitation, of the celebrated figure of Michael Angelo in the Medici Chapel, than is commendable in an artist who aims at the praise of originality and genius. The figure of Iris is any thing but graceful, either in posture or in form: the contour of the body is poor and dry. The right arm is exquisitely formed. The hands of the figures in general are perhaps too small: the toes, those of the 'Musidora' especially, are in slovenly style.

From the specimens before us it may be safely concluded, that Mr. Lough's capabilities consist in the robust and energetic, rather than the graceful; that the bent of his genius tends to the former; these tendencies he should follow, and he can hardly fail to become a distinguished artist. He has great power of representing what is actually before him; the same power, exercised in embodying fine imaginings, would go far to constitute the perfect master. He must be on his guard against the seductive commendations of false or affected enthusiasm. The applause his efforts received last year, if measured by the usual standard of public feeling in England with regard to works of this nature, was in the extreme, and higher and juster pretensions have met with much colder reception. Let him estimate his own works, not by the praises of his friends, but by comparison with the designs of others, both ancient and modern; he will then aim at still higher excellence, which we have no doubt he will attain, to his own and his country's credit.

SPLENDID WORK ON ICHTHYOLOGY.

The Fresh Water Fishes of Great Britain, Drawn and Described by Mrs. T. Edward Bowdich. No. I. Printed for the Authoress, and sold by R. Ackermann. London. March, 1828.

THIS is a work of peculiar interest and beauty, and one that will be found worthy of every distinguished library in the kingdom. Its plan and object are so clearly and modestly explained in the Prospectus of the accomplished authoress, (the widow of the late enterprising Traveller, who fell a victim to his zeal for African discovery,) that we cannot do better than introduce it here:

'That a work on the present plan should never have been presented to the public, is a remarkable circumstance, though it is an unquestionable fact, that no adequate representation can be given on any other; for not only do the colours of many Fishes change, in the course of a few minutes after death, but even the shape of the head, in many instances, undergoes an alteration; so that, in the subjects preserved in our cabi-

nets, consisting of elements of a and them limit Fifty value exhibit so as that the e
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nets, the figure of this important part frequently differs considerably from that which it bore in its native element.

'As all the delineations will be coloured Drawings, and consequently occupy considerable time in finishing them with due attention to accuracy, it is necessary to limit the number of copies, which has been fixed at Fifty; a circumstance that must naturally enhance the value of a work, in which the artist will undertake to exhibit the characters on which classification depends, so as to satisfy the *Naturalist*; while the brilliant hues that such specimens will display cannot fail to please the eye of the *Amateur*.

'The numbers will be published at moderate intervals, and will contain at least four subjects, in imperial quarto; and it is considered that the whole will be completed in ten numbers, price two guineas each.

'The letter-press accompanying the drawings will contain a scientific description of the different Fishes, to which will be added authentic anecdotes, general notices on their habits, and changes of figure and colour, times of spawning, &c.'

The Number before us realizes, to the full extent, the professions made in the prospectus. It contains, No. 1, the Stockbridge Trout; No. 2, the Carp; No. 3, the Roach; and, No. 4, the Bleak. All of these are of the full size of the living fish, excepting only one, the Carp, which is of half the natural size. The drawing of all, (for it is to be understood that no aid is given by engraving, not even in outline,) is so perfect, and the colouring so rich and brilliant, as to place before the spectator the living fish itself. Every speck of the body, every scale of the skin, every ray of the fins, with all the silvery transparency of some parts, and golden hues of others, are preserved with a minuteness and freshness truly astonishing. The Carp may be especially mentioned as a splendid example of this: and the Roach is scarcely inferior to it. Every line has been drawn, and every tint imparted, by Mrs. Bowdich's own hand; so that the labour, (to say nothing of the rare talent required,) of producing fifty copies even of the first number, including, in the whole, two hundred separate drawings, must be immense; and the completion of the whole series, which will include fifty copies of each of the ten numbers, with four drawings in each, or two thousand separate drawings, all minutely and exquisitely finished, will be a monument of skill, industry, and patient perseverance, unexampled, we think, in the annals of Art, and worthy of the highest distinction, if only as an example to the sex of what can be done by them, when their energies are consecrated to *useful* as well as ornamental pursuits. The Preface to the work, which is given in the first number, is so short, yet so interesting in its explanations, that we give it entire.

'A work of the following description requires but little preface; at the same time, I am desirous of offering my readers a few words on the plan I have adopted, and the endeavours I have made, to ensure accuracy.

'My object has been to give, rather a correct representation of the individual fish, than to form a picture; and by so doing, I trust I have satisfied the naturalist, without offending the amateur.

'In my classification I have been kindly assisted by Baron Cuvier, whose system I have adopted, and who has given me the nomenclature he intends using in his forthcoming great work on Ichthyology. The regular series of the families, however, has been interrupted, for the sake of variety in each number, and those least interesting to the eye are mingled with their more beautiful companions. When the work is completed, the drawings may be easily unsewn, and classically arranged, according to the references given in the text. Another consideration has been the time and labour required, as far as it affects the appearance of the numbers at reasonable intervals. To insure this, the large and small have been thrown together, that each set may bear its due proportion, and be published at regular periods.

'I have hitherto been particularly fortunate in procuring good specimens, and have been aided by friends and strangers with unusual zeal. Every drawing has been taken from the living fish immediately as it came from the water it inhabited; so that no tint has been

lost or deadened, either by changing the quality of that element, or by exposure to the atmosphere.*

'I have not felt anxious to secure the largest examples, as they are, many of them, of too rare occurrence to be generally recognized; and have rather selected those of a commoner magnitude, and directed my attention to the brilliancy of the colours, and the shape and thickness of the fish. Where it has been possible, I have preserved the natural size; but in those which the limits of the paper have obliged me to reduce, great care has been taken to observe the proportions.

'It has never been my intention to touch upon the manner of catching the fishes I have delineated, for that demands an experience and skill that a female cannot be expected to possess; and the domestic economy of this class of animals offers so little that is interesting, that anecdotes must necessarily bear a small proper proportion to other matter. Walton, Pennant, and Daniel, have so ably performed their task, that almost all, beyond minute description, on my part, would be but compilation from more elaborate authors.'

We cannot close our notice of this splendid, and, in every respect, deeply interesting work, without giving it the highest commendation that any words of ours can bestow; nor without expressing our confident hope, that no noble family in the kingdom, in the lakes and streams of whose domains the living creatures here delineated are to be found, will omit the present opportunity of possessing one of the most complete collections of rich and beautiful representations of the finny tribe, that have ever yet been formed by human hands.

* 'The colours of the Trout change directly after they leave the stream; but I was lucky enough to avail myself of the skill of a friend, who supplied me with a succession of them as I sat on the bank, and by which I secured the tints, in all their delicacy and brightness.'

ENGRAVINGS.

View of the King's Court of Trinity College. Engraved by H. Le Keux, from a Drawing by F. Mackenzie. R. Newbey, Cambriges; M. Colnaghi, London, 1828.

We have before us an early impression of this exquisitely finished Engraving, which is executed in Le Keux's best manner, and on which it is evident no pains have been spared. From a prospectus accompanying the print, we learn that it is the first of a series of views intended to be given of the Public Buildings of Cambridge; and we must say, that if the succeeding plates be as well drawn and as well engraved as the present, it will rank among the first class of architectural views produced in England. The specimen here submitted, is entitled to unqualified praise; and as no good views exist of the Public Buildings of Cambridge, (though those of Oxford are abundant and excellent,) the present attempt will, no doubt, meet the encouragement it deserves. The advantages which the Publisher appears to possess, are such as ought to be generally known, to inspire that confidence, without which purchasers are generally disinclined to commence taking any series of views, while in progress. We, therefore, transcribe an extract from the statement which accompanies the print.

'The magnificent buildings now in progress promise to render Cambridge the equal, if not the superior, to Oxford, in architectural embellishments, and their recent construction affords additional motives for the publication of a series to which the representation of these edifices will add no inconsiderable interest, if faithfully delineated and scientifically engraved.

'The name of MACKENZIE, as an architectural draughtsman, will afford a sufficient pledge to the public that the drawings for this work is, and will continue to be, as perfect as the almost insurpassable state of the art will permit. When to this pledge the name of LE KEUX is added as the engraver, the Views will appear with a stamp of pre-excellence which will be a passport to the Portfolio of the most fastidious Collector.

'The Publishers are authorised to state that they have been indulged with a free and liberal access to all the working drawings, exhibiting the most minute details of the new and superb buildings which have been executed from the designs of Wm. Wilkins, Esq. A.M. and R.A., who has also promised his occasional but valuable assistance in superintending the progress of the drawings and engravings made with the aid of these authentic data.

'The same celebrated Architect has further promoted the object of the Publishers by purchasing all the Drawings executed and in progress for the work; this liberal conduct, whilst it lessens the expenditure of the undertaking the Publishers, evinces a confidence in the value of the materials now preparing, which cannot fail of being duly appreciated.

Choir of the Cathedral Church of York, and West Front of the Cathedral Church of York. Drawn by C. Wild. Jennings, Poultry. London, 1828.

AMONG the many beautiful architectural views which have of late years been produced in England, we remember none more strikingly impressive than these. They form a pair of as interesting subjects as can be paralleled by any of the same class, and from the skillful colouring, and appropriate mounting, have all the freshness and finish of original drawings. Of York Minster itself, it is unnecessary to say more than that, of all our fine Gothic edifices, this is, perhaps, the most imposing; and full justice is done, in the execution, to the superiority of the pile over others of the same age and character. The West Front gives an advantageous view of this principal feature of the building, including its central square tower, and lateral pinnacles; and the Choir presents the most perfect union of lofty height, and long perspective, exhibiting the tall clustered pillars, the slender pointed arches, the groined roof, the light transverse screen, and the magnificent painted windows,—in combination with the carved pulpits, stalls, and benches; and the whole agreeably relieved by figures of surpliced priests and choristers quitting the cathedral after service.

Delicæ Sylvarum; or, Grand and Romantic Forest Scenery in England and Scotland. Drawn from Nature, and etched by J. G. Strutt, author of the 'Sylvæ Britannica.' Published by the Author, 12, Sloane-street, London, 1828.

THE 'Sylvæ Britannica' must have made the name of its author familiar to every lover of the rural and the picturesque in England. That great work, for it deserves that epithet in every sense, consisted of accurate portraits of the most remarkable forest trees of our island, including those celebrated for their size, their age, their beauty, or their historical interest; accompanied with letter-press descriptions of all that was remarkable concerning each: and certainly, among all works of this nature that we remember to have seen, whether in this or in any other country, Mr. Strutt's stands pre-eminent for extent, interest, and beauty. We have now great pleasure in stating, that the 'Delicæ Sylvarum,' of which we have before us the first number only, promises to be, in every respect, worthy of its predecessor. The forest views in this, exclusive of the characteristic frontispiece, are, 1. Windsor; 2. Epping; 3. Marlborough; 4. Banks of the Wyre. In each, the points of view are well chosen, and the etching has all the vigour and freshness which the hand of the artist can alone communicate. The work is very appropriately dedicated to the Duke of Bedford, and contains the following introduction:

'The research necessarily attendant upon the performance of a work like the "Sylvæ Britannica," which comprehended "all trees of goodliest growth," abundantly recompensed the author whatever labour might be connected with it, by bringing him intimately acquainted with the sylvan scenery of his native country; and, whilst delighting his fancy in the contemplation of it, he felt it impossible to resist his desire of endeavouring to perpetuate his memory in a work which should embrace the most striking varieties of the forest, and present to the public those native and unsophisticated haunts of the *genius loci*, which have hitherto been more indebted for their "local habitation and their name" to the vivid descriptions of the poet, than to the embodying of the painter.

'The varieties that foreign climates exhibit are now grown familiar to our gaze. France and Spain have submitted their proud and gay cities to the pencil of the British artist; Alps and Appenines have been traversed, the gigantic scenes of America explored, and the arid desert of Africa penetrated; while even the Polar regions have submitted their inhospitable and rigid features to the delineation of accomplished art. Nor, while these spoils are accumulating abroad, are the more congenial attractions of our own island neglected. Every monument of antiquity and feudal greatness, our castles, our castles, our churches, and our cathedrals; every striking locality connected with our lakes, our rivers, and our coasts,—have already, at different periods, formed the subjects of many splendid and elaborate works. Our majestic forests alone are neglected, those venerable and living antiquities of nature, with whose deep solemnities our earliest history, and the most poetic period of our existence, as a nation, are so intimately connected. It is, therefore, hoped that the present attempt to delineate the grand and romantic features of forest scenery in Great Britain, by one who has duly visited

"—each lane, and every alley green,
Dingle and bushy dell,
And every bosky bourn from side to side,"
will meet with as favourable a reception from the public, as has already been accorded to its predecessor, the *Sylvæ Britannica*.'

View in the Valley of Chamouni, painted by Delamotte and engraved by Thomas Lupton. Bulcock, Strand. London, 1828.

This print is not yet finished; but having seen an impression of it before the letter, we are enabled to say that it forms a very faithful and beautiful picture of Alpine scenery. The majestic Mont Blanc, with its

icy points and ridges, the spiry glacier and the rushing torrent, the smoking village and the thick wood of ever-greens, with the returning shepherd and his flock, are all picturesquely grouped and contrasted. The engraving is in mezzotinto, very softly and richly finished.

Interior of a Convent, with Monks at their Devotion; and Interior of a Nunnery, with a Girl taking the Veil. Painted by Granet, and engraved by Gleadah. Bulcock, Strand, London. 1828.

To those who have not had the opportunity of visiting scenes like those here represented, these prints will convey a very faithful representation of the general character of such places of devotion, and their occupants. To those who have, they will forcibly recal the associations inseparable from such scenes. As works of art, they are also curious and striking from their peculiarities. The plates are of a large size, and are engraved in aquatinta. The principal feature in them, and that for which they will be chiefly admired, independently of their moral interest, is the skilful management of the light, which is admitted from above, and thence shed around upon the figures and objects in each of the pictures, in such a manner as greatly to increase the beauty and interest of the scene and ceremonial represented.

The Mischievous Boy. Engraved by Ward, from a Picture by Farrier, in the possession of Sir Charles Forbes, Bart., M.P. Bulcock, Strand, London, 1828.

HAVING seen the spirited and excellent original of this picture, we can speak confidently as to the happy manner in which its chief merits have been transferred to the plate of the engraver. The subject represented is the interior of a cottage, with a young girl endeavouring, with a broken bellows, to revive an almost extinguished fire, on which a kettle is placed to boil, while the Mischievous Boy interrupts her labour, by placing his finger under the leathern valve, or 'clapper,' as it is more familiarly called, so as to prevent its receiving the necessary supply of wind, and thus rendering all her efforts abortive. The natural return for this is a hearty slap from the angry and interrupted girl, and its resistance by the laughing and still persevering urchin. This is the moment of time chosen by the artist, and he has succeeded in producing a very humorous and happy picture. The dilapidated chimney, the rustic chair, the humble tea-table, with the pitcher, candle, fire-wood, and other characteristics of a cottage interior, are in perfect keeping with the scene; and the engraving, which is a very smooth mezzotinto, is well executed throughout.

NEW MUSIC.

Trois Airs variés, pour le Piano Forte, viz.—No. 1. Partant pour la Syrie, 3s.—No. 2. La Suisse au bord du Lac, 3s.—No. 3. We're a' nothin', 3s.—Par Henri Herz, Prem. Pianiste de S.M., le Roi de France, pp. 39. Cocks and Co.

THESE airs are published singly, not only in this country, but by Dufant and Dubois, at Paris; and by Simrock, at Bonn. Exceedingly clever and well arranged they are, without being very difficult to perform. The first Air, 'Partant pour la Syrie,' has prefixed to it a larghetto introduction of one page in 9-8 time, which abounds with ingenious modulation, and the tema is followed by four shewy variations. The author has occasionally fingered his passages, but (as usual) generally where it would be unnecessary, and (in our view) very improperly, but this is matter of opinion, and some of the finger-marks must have been inserted in mistake by the engraver; at all events, the frequent turning of the first finger over the thumb must appear ungraceful, and the passages are not always well placed under the hand, especially for young ladies. The second air, 'La Suisse,' is very clever and spirited, but the introduction and variation are rather of too noisy and vivacious character, to be in keeping with the melody, which is an andantino of a simple expressive nature; for example, the introduction is marked 'Allegro Capriccio'; the first variation, 'Vivo!' the second, 'Scherzando staccato'; the third, 'Brillante ma Marcato, con fuoco energico'; and the fourth, for the finale, is a 'Hornpipe,' of four pages, which is worked up by the following recommendations, 'pui messo—veloce—sempre crescendo—cen pedale ino al fine—il piu crescendo possibile'; and the whole concludes with as much noise as can be attained! This, we are sorry to add, is fashionable, but is it in good taste? The third, a Scotch air, under a disguise, partly German, Italian, and French, is

also very well arranged, and abounds with the most ingenious modulations. The Finale, 'La Chasse,' is excellently imagined, and, as the author expresses it, quite *giocosamente*; in fact, to understand the very numerous instructions he inserts as to style and character, the performer should be a tolerable Italian scholar. We conclude by a warm recommendation of the whole, as being of a very superior description.

A Selection of the most admired Airs in Mozart's Opera Il Seraglio. Arranged for the Piano Forte, by N. B. Challoner, in Two Books, each 3s. Mayhew and Co.

It has been a matter of surprise to us, that this charming Opera has excited so little attention, considering that it was very successfully performed at Covent Garden Theatre for a considerable period, and that the music is *Mozart's*! Upon repeated inquiry of various publishers of music the cause of this, the uniform reply was, that 'it was one of the great masters earliest productions, and that it was *old*!' Hence it was, seemingly, by tacit consent, consigned to oblivion; certainly, it is not generally so striking as his favourite Operas, but still it is *Mozart's*, and who living can write like him? We are happy, therefore, at length, to have an opportunity of noticing, and reviewing a publication of so pleasing a description. The arrangement is well made, and the work excellently brought out, a few only of the most striking pieces are adapted, (thus the price is very moderate,) and an attention has been carefully paid to render such pieces of use to the multitude, as they are (for music of a superior description) rendered of a peculiarly familiar character. The first Book contains four pieces, including the much and justly admired Romanza, sung by Madame Vestris with the guitar, and the Turkish chorus; and the second Book comprises five other favourites, the whole work presenting, in the truest sense of the phrase, an example, of the 'Utile et Dulce.' Mozart's superior taste, genius, and expressive character, appears in every page: the whole is particularly well worthy the attention of the musical public, and will be found of infinite service to all who play and teach the piano-forte.

Divertimento for the Harp, in which are introduced 'The Rose of the Valley,' and 'Hark, the Lark at Heaven's Gate sings,' composed and dedicated to Miss L. Davis. By W. HAMMANS. Beal.

A clever, well-arranged and pleasing lesson, only open to a few of the objections we have before urged, with respect to the compositions of this author, see the SPHYNX Vol. 1., pages 43. 93. and 158. But under an impression that it scarcely can be interesting to general readers, to occupy our pages with an analysis of wrong notes, and little typographical or grammatical errors, perhaps it will be well, if we render our remarks more general, as to style, character, and the interest expected to be produced by the performance of the production. In the present instance, an introduction (Allegro sua non troppo Presto) of two pages, a la Bochsa precedes Reeve's pretty old air, 'The Rose of the Valley,' which was composed for Sadler's Wells in the year 1806, and afterwards rendered more fashionable (if not more popular) by being sung by Harrison at the vocal concerts. This has two showy variations, followed by a little fantasia 'al recitativo,' which, by an appropriate cadenza, introduces Dr. Cooke's justly admired 'Hark, the lark.' The whole is well put together; and to such harp-players as can adapt their feet to the pedals adroitly, must be a very acceptable Divertimento, and unequivocally the best of Mr. Hamman's we have yet have to review.

The characteristic National Quadrilles, containing, 'A L'Anglaise,' 'a L'Espanole,' 'a La Française,' 'a L'Italienne,' 'a L'Allemande,' and the new National Waltz, by the Author of the Royal Clarence Quadrilles. Mori and Lavenu. 3s. And the first set of the Royal Clarence Quadrilles, with the Cumberland Waltz, by the Author of the Characteristic Quadrille. Cramer. 3s.

It seems that the anonymous writer of these works ingeniously recommends one by the aid of the other,—a shrewd and whimsical design. They are striking and peculiar in character, evincing considerable fullness, and fitted for quadrilles, but occasionally a little disfigured by affectation. The air, (No. 5 of the set), 'a L'Allemande,' is marked to be played *Maestoso e Misterioso*, and some very indefensible fingering is engraved in it. And were we to subjoin a true and candid analysis of the harmonies, we fear it would not assist as a recommendation.

The New Boatwain's Song, for three voices. Composed and arranged by C. E. Horn. Mayhew and Co. 3s.

A shewy lithographic sketch precedes this pleasing trifle, and to all the singers of 'Oh lady fair,' the 'Canadian Boat Song,' &c., we recommend it, as being still more simple and easy of performance. Three-part songs are always desirable, and this may be performed by vocalists of very slender acquirements. The accompaniment is exceedingly well adapted to the Harp.

NOTICES OF FOREIGN BOOKS.

Le Retour; Épître à Madame la Comtesse O'Donnell. Par Mademoiselle Delphine Gay. Paris. 1828.

ALL those who have resided for some time in Paris, and are in any way acquainted with the celebrated French writers of the present time, must have often heard of Mademoiselle Gay. The poems entitled 'Les Sœurs de Sainte-Camille, Madeleine, la Vision, l'Hymne à Sainte Geneviève,' &c., are almost equal in merit to the productions of De Lamartine and Casimir Delavigne. This lady not having published any poetry for a considerable length of time, her admirers began to fear that she had abandoned the Muse; and it was reported, that this had been occasioned by the silken bands of Hymen: however, we are agreeably surprised to find that Mademoiselle Gay has been merely paying a visit to the country of the fine arts, where she has sighed on the banks of the Tiber, and meditated under the arches of the Coliseum. She has now returned from this delightful country, 'Magna parens frugum, saturnia tellus,' &c.; and the present poem celebrates her arrival, in an epistle addressed to her sister. Our readers will, no doubt, be pleased with the following quotation: it will be observed, that she alludes to the report that had been spread of her intended marriage with an opulent foreigner, some say an English nobleman:

'Je reviens dissiper le vain bruit qui t'alarme,
De ces beaux lieux, ma sœur, j'ai senti tout le charme:
Mais loin de mon pays, sous les plus doux climats,
Un superbe lien ne m'enchaînera pas.
Non: l'accent étranger, le plus tendre lui-même,
Attristait pour moi jusqu'au mot: je vous aime.
Un sort brillant, par l'exil acheté,
Comblerait mes desirs! — Ma sœur n'a pu le croire.
D'un plus noble destin mon orgueil est tenté;
Un cœur, qu'a fait battre la gloire,
Reste sourd à la vanité.
Ce bonheur, dont l'espoir berça ma rêverie,
Nos rivages Français pouvaient seuls me l'offrir;
J'ai besoin, pour chanter, du ciel de la patrie:
C'est là qu'il faut aimer, c'est là qu'il faut mourir.
Hélas! si le malheur finit mes jours loin d'elle,
Qu'on ne m'accuse pas d'une mort infidèle.
Jure de ramener, dans notre humble vallon,
Et ma harpe muette, et ma cendre exilée:
Ah! sous les peupliers de notre sombre allée,
Une croix des fleurs, et mon nom,
Charmeraient plus mon ombre consolée,
Qu'un magnifique mausolée
Sous les marbres du Panthéon.'

Chants du Siècle, par Adolphe Nicolas. Paris. 1828.

THERE is some excellent poetry in the productions of this young author, and the present octavo volume contains half a dozen extremely charming pieces. 'L'Amérique du Sud,' 'Les Conquérans, Inida ou la Mère Africaine,' but particularly 'Les Offrandes' are written in an energetic style; the latter poem, which describes his first amour, pays this magnificent homage to the fair sex.

'Toi seule a modulé sur ma lyre féconde,
Les malheurs de la Grèce et l'avenir du monde;
Ton œil de ces pensées mesure la hauteur;
On a calomnié votre sexe enchanteur,
On refuse à son voi (insupportable outrage!)
La grandeur du génie et l'élan du courage.
Les insensés! le temps voit vos palmes fleurir.
Dufrenoy sault chanter, et Corday sault mourir.
Pour rivaliser de gloire un bardie vous renie,
Et de Staël l'engloutit dans les feux du génie!
O femmes! tout subit, tout chérît votre empire:
L'homme voit votre sexe en tout ce qu'il admire;
De ce sexe divin, son culte a revêtu
La sainte liberté, la gloire, et la vertu.'

Principes de la Philosophie de l'Histoire, précédés d'un Discours sur le Système et la Vie de l'Auteur. Par M. JULES MICHELET. Paris. 1828.

VICO was a man of considerable genius, born in Naples at the commencement of the last century, and he died in great poverty in 1736. The 'Scienza Nuova' is the best of his productions, and obtained an extraordinary success on its first appearance; it went through several editions, but we may venture to assert that it is hardly known out of Italy. It treats upon the philosophy of history, and an immense mass of information may be derived from the perusal of this author.

LINES WRITTEN ON LEAVING ENGLAND TO EMBARK FOR GREECE.

And from her dream of misery, and of night,
Will there not stream a flood of glory yet?
On, my loved country!—Country, I have none,
And, therefore, will I cling to thee alone.
How soon I hope to leap upon thy strand,
To greet with rapture Fancy's favour'd land;
How gladly would I bid my wand'rings cease
Within thy fane—regenerated Greece!
Upon thy shores might, haply, seek a mound,
One small and solitary spot of ground,
Where, when the vital spark had from me fled,
I should be number'd with the silent dead;
For, though I first drew life beneath the pole,
It hath not chill'd the current of my soul;
And the bleak north, amid its icy flood,
Had ne'er the pow'r to curdle up my blood;
Nor Russia's hemisphere of frost and snow,
Could damp my ardent cheek, or blanch my brow!
'My blood is all meridian,' like thy climate,
That hath been mellowed by the hand of Time;
And in thy griefs I find a sympathy,
Which binds thee closer to my soul and me.
But some there are, who say the clang of war
Resounds upon thy altars—from afar
Is heard the clashing of the scymitar.
That still there is a struggle to be made,
Ere thou canst sheathe again the conqu'ring blade!
Enough of that; 'twere better sure to be
A bleeding victim for thy cause and thee,
Than peering, placidly, upon thy brow
In all its pensive beauty, waste, and low,
Coldly perceive thee fall, the wanton prey
Of those who'd ravish while they tear away,
Who'd boldly press upon thy lips the kiss,
Then, loathing, turn as from a harlot's bliss;
Would hug thee with pollution's foul embrace,
To clothe with shame and infamy thy face.
No more of this; since thou hast sprung from earth,
And from the ashes of the brave, sent forth
A new-born phoenix—who shall spread his pinion,
And crush within its folds each daring minion;
Who, with strong grapple, fain would hold thee fast,
Or in his talons wither thee at last.
But where are they that fell within the fight?
From out their eddying veins there doth arise
A monument of glory, fair and white,
Pointing its summit unto realms of light;
A Holocaust, that sweeps the nether skies.
Learning shall triumph still within thy shade,
By Genius cherished—Academy made;
And eloquence resound within thy halls,
And architecture grace thy capitals.
Athens! thou nurse of arts, and arms, and fame,
Thy walls are girded with a changeless name;
Within thy Athens shall be seen
The studious boat, and philosophic mien.
Athens! once seat of all that is sublime,
Thy glory weeps upon the lap of time;
But cease to wail—'tis gone—the darksome dream,
And thou shalt glisten as the solar beam,
Which, for the clouds that have been passing o'er,
But shines more brilliant than it shone before.

EPAMINONDAS.

PICTURES OF DESOLATION.

BY JOHN MACKAY WILSON, AUTHOR OF 'NAVARIN,' ETC.

'Twas deepest night, and dim the moonbeams fell
Upon the earth, scarce yielding light to tell
It was not utter darkness. We could gaze
Upon the mouldering pride of other days,
Which here lay scatter'd, where of old had stood
Castle and battle tower, when bloody feud
Divided rival nations; but their walls
Were dropping to the earth; and in the halls
Where revelry had banqueted in state,
The timid bats did thickly congregate;
The daw here startled when the bird of night
Screamed long and doleful; echo, like a sprite
Barred in hidden dungeons, moan'd it round,
Till the owl trembled at the lonely sound
Itself had made, clapping its wings in fear:
Nor heaven nor earth afforded ought to cheer
The blank of desolation, which was prest
Darkly upon the eye, and filled the breast
With isolated sympathy. Here lay
The unburied skull of him whose lordly sway
Controlled a thousand vassals, and upon
His brain the worms had feasted; a gray stone,
Tinged with a withered moss of sickly green,
Alone betokened what he once had been.
The arm of her that loved him, fleshless, lay
Upon a foeman's bosom, for the day
They fell was one of blood; and barely from
The blast did blighted nettles shield their tomb—
The common tomb of thousands; and the raven

That feasted on the fearless and the craven,
Through time had perish'd, and its bones were spread
'Mongst the uncover'd limbs on which it fed.
Man had forsaken, and the lawping died
Through loneliness, where erst the bounteous pride
Of ancient chivalry was wont to riot;
And Desolation reign'd in fearful quiet.
More desolate than these, a cottage stood
Removed from others, not like solitude,
Betokening its owner to have fled
Society; it spoke of one long wed
To single misery,—a sufferer whom
The world had left to childless, widowed gloom.
Her clay-built hovel was but partly cover'd
With long-decaying thatch; and fancy hover'd
Over the boundaries of what had been
A little garden, now no longer green;
For through it, varied weeds had thickly gather'd,
Choking their growth, and, like its owner, wither'd.
The door hung useless on a leathern hinge,
Consumed by worms, and broken. Deep the tinge
Of desolation marked the cheerless dwelling
Of the poor widow. She betray'd no swelling
Boisterous, and noisy grief, which weeps away,—
The shallow anguish of a short-lived day,
But sat as calm as death, amidst the ruin
Of once glad scenes, fixed with her cold eye viewing
The dying embers on her lonely hearth,
Erst, by a husband's love and children's mirth,
Her family paradise. But they were not.
The beetle and the spider round her cot
Had made their habitation. By her side
The apportioned seats of those who, in her pride,
Had called her mother, still were ranged around—
A melancholy vacuum. No sound
Of friends or kindred's tongues e'er reach'd her ears.
The gaping world avoided her. Their fears
Were startled by her sternly wretched air
Of uncomplaining pride and dark despair.
But she despised them. She had prayed to die
A day before *chill pity* filled the eye
Of one on earth for her,—for pity's given
To men when hell assumes the garb of heaven;
But not till then. Here misery stamped the whole,
And all was desolate, save the widow's soul.
But these are summer scenes of cheering hue,—
Pictures of fancy. Mark, this painting true:
These are not desolation; ye must meet
The truly desolate in the crowded street;
Mark him unconscious in the bustling throng—
The young adventurer in the world of song;
Friendless, a stranger, hopeless, conscious still
Of fettered genius; each succeeding ill
He bears with sullen pride. Coldness and scorn
He feels but to disdain; till only torn
By need, by nameless woes of varied kind
Known to the wretched, low the towering mind
Is levelled to the dust, while the proud soul
Mistrusteth what it has been; and the goal
Of all his fondest prospects seems to be—
O God!—contempt! neglect! want! obloquy!
The muse becomes a wilderness, and *de*,
Reader, presents its withered flowers to thee,
To water if thou wilt. 'Tis thine alone
To bid them flourish, or consume unknown.

A FRAGMENT.

'O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,
Our thoughts as boundless—and our souls as free!'

BYRON.

AWAKE! oh, awake! for our shallow rides
Gladly, but tremblingly, forth on the tides—
Swells out her fluttering pinions of white
Where the wandering breezes of freshness alight—
Floats her proud pennant abroad on the sky,
Mocking the wings of the birds as they fly!
In riot and madness the billows rush on,—
Lightly she bounds,—and these billows are gone,
Leaving their token, in foam, on her prow,
White as the drifts of the untrodden snow!
Awake! and arise! for the day-light hath given
To the cold dusky ocean the rich hues of heaven;
It is laughing in light—and beneath, and above,
Are the rich smiles of pleasure, the accents of love!—
Awake! and arise! for our shallow would be
Rushing, far onward, across the blue sea,
Breasting the waters—sustaining the shock
Of the loud ringing waves, which its feebleness mock.—
Awake! oh, awake! like the hound it would spring
From the chains that are checking its wandering—
Awake! whilst the sunbeams in glory may play
O'er bark and o'er billow—Away! oh, away!
Away! oh, away! 'to some happier isle,'
Where there lurks not deceit beneath the 'sunny eyes smile'—
Where the day-dreams of joy, and the visions of youth,
Return once again in the freshness of truth.
And the hope too revives, which so tenderly told
That all hearts on this earth were not faithless and cold.
Awake! oh, awake! whilst the sunbeams play
O'er bark and o'er billow—Away! oh, away!
THOMAS MOORE.

THE INFANTA DONNA ANNA MARIA DE JESUS.

The last accounts from Portugal assert that the prudence of the new and *timey*-married pair, has been greater than the confidence bestowed on the assurance of the Queen Dowager, that on Don Miguel's arrival she would 'step betwixt the lion and his wrath'; and that a British frigate is prepared to convey them to our shores. Indeed it would scarcely appear that the lady-mother herself is perfectly at ease, as every arrangement (it is asserted) has been made for her retiring to Rome: perhaps the very best thing she could do in regard to her own peace or that of her son's kingdom. The Princess Regent proposes, on Don Miguel's arrival, to retire to a convent: while the British troops being withdrawn, the prince will have a free opportunity to act up to the assurances recently made to the Portuguese, and to prove the sincerity of his professions.—*Letter from France.*

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

We must again repeat our request, that all communications intended for THE ATHENÆUM be written on one side of the paper only, and on pages of the Octavo, or Note-paper, size. The delay and inconvenience occasioned to the Printers, by Manuscript occupying large pages, and being written on both sides the paper, is so great, that articles are frequently impossible to be got ready in time for the Number, in consequence of this defect alone. By being written on small pages, and on one side only, the Manuscript can be divided among a great number of compositors at the same time, and the delay thus avoided. We beg especial attention to this point, from all who desire their contributions to appear early in our pages.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

In the press, and speedily will be published, Illustrations of the Sacred and Historical Books of Ceylon, consisting of upwards of Forty Coloured Plates, illustrative of the Religious System of the Buddhists, their Heavens, their Hells, their Good and Evil Spirits, their Moral Tales, Astronomy, and Astrology; with descriptive Letter-press. Extracted from a Cingalese Manuscript, now in the possession of Sir Alexander Johnston, late Chief-Justice of Ceylon. This work, which, it is presumed, will have a peculiar interest for persons connected with, or resident in, India, will form one volume Imperial 4to. Shortly will be published, A History of the Council of Trent, compiled from the most authentic sources. This work will contain numerous facts and statements illustrative of the Roman Catholic System, and the Ecclesiastical History of the period, (A.D. 1543—1563,) derived from scarce and valuable books.

A Pocket Atlas, embodying a complete Set of Maps illustrative of Modern and Ancient Geography, in Eighty Plates, is nearly ready for publication, and will exhibit all the latest discoveries.

NEW BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE WEEK.

An Answer to Faber's Difficulties of Romanism, 8vo., 12s.
Ephemerides, or Occasional Poems, by Thomas Pringle, 6s.
The Book of Fate, sixteenth edition, 8vo., 5s.
Scientific Pursuits, or Hobby-horse Races to the Temple of Fame, 4 plates by Theodore Lane, 7s.
Views in the Island of Jamaica, coloured after nature, by James Hakewell, royal 4to., 31s. 6d.
Baron on Changes of Structure in Man, &c., 4to., 18s.
On the Rise, Progress, and Present State of Public Opinion in Great Britain, and other parts of the World, by a Member of the Commons House of Parliament, in 1820, 8vo., 12s.
Gregory's Father's Legacy to his Daughters, with plates by Westall, 16mo., 5s. 6d.
Elizabeth, by M. Cottin, with plates by Westall, 16mo., 5s. 6d.
Arona of Science and Art for 1828, 4s. 6d.
Knight's Short-hand Writing, on a new principle of Contraction, 8vo., 6s.
Howitt's British Preserve, Nos. I. and II., 4to., 4s. each.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

CAMBRIDGE, MARCH 13.—The Chancellor's gold medals for the two best proficients in classical learning among the commencing Bachelors, have been adjudged to Mr. W. Selwyn, of St. John's Coll., and Mr. T. W. Peill, of Trinity Coll.

The King has granted royal letters patent, by which the Master and Fellows of Clare Hall are freed from the restrictions formerly imposed on their disposal of the fellowships of that College.

OXFORD, MARCH 14.—Yesterday morning, a petition was proposed, in convocation, to be addressed to Parliament against Catholic Emancipation. Contrary to what is usually the case, there were several dissentients.

On Thursday, the following degrees were conferred: B. D. Rev. W. Jackson, Fell. of Queen's Coll.; M. A., Rev. H. C. Wilson, Lincoln Coll.; B. A., W. D. Philpot, Lincoln Coll.

WILLIS'S ROOMS, King-street, St. James's.

Under the immediate Patronage of the Royal Family, and several of the Nobility. Miss HINCKESMAN has the honour most respectfully to inform the Nobility, Gentry, and her Friends generally, that her Annual GRAND CONCERT of VOCAL and INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC will take place on the first of May, 1828, at the above Rooms; at which she will be assisted by all the first talent in the country, both English and foreign. Leader, Mr. Mori; Conductor, Mrs. C. Dumon.

*** Tickets, 10s. 6d. each, to be had of Miss Hinckesman, 33, Gerard-street, Soho-square; Messrs. Mori and Co., 28, New Bond street; Willis and Co., Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly; A. Lee and Co.; Card; Gower, Riccardi and Co., Regent's Quadrant; Clementi and Co., Cheapside; and Mr. Ingo, 3, Dean's row, Walworth.

To commence at eight o'clock precisely.

Third edition, in 1 vol. 8vo., beautifully illustrated by twenty-eight plates, drawn from Nature; price 16s. plain, or 1l. 11s. 6d. coloured, by Sowerby.

ELEMENTS OF CONCHOLOGY, according to the Linnean System. By the Rev. E. J. BURNARD, A.M. F.R.S. F.L.S. Mem. Geol. Soc. London: printed for James Duncan, 37, Paternoster-row.

In 1 vol. 8vo., second edition, price 9s. boards, **THE CLASSICAL STUDENT'S MANUAL**; containing an Index to every Page, Section, and Note, in Matthiæ's Greek Grammar—Hermann's Annotations to Vigerus on Idioms—Bos on Ellipse—Hoozevoort on the Greek Particles—and Kuster on the Middle Verb; in which Thucydides, Herodotus, Pindar, Æschylus, Sophocles, and the Four Plays of Euripides, edited by Professor Porson, are illustrated and explained. Second edition, to which is now added, the first Twelve Books of the Iliad of Homer.

By the Rev. W. COLLIER SMITHERS. Intended for Students in the Universities, and the Higher Classes in Schools. London: printed for James Duncan, 37, Paternoster-row; J. Parker, Oxford; and Deighton and Sons, Cambridge.

Just published, in 1 vol. 8vo., price 15s. boards, **A TRANSLATION OF THE SECOND EDITION OF NIEBUHR'S ROMAN HISTORY**, undertaken in concert with the Author, by the Rev. JULIUS CHARLES HARE, M.A., and CONNOP THIRLWALL, M.A., Fellows of Trinity College, Cambridge.

The Author writes to a friend in England, 'that he is anxious it should be known as early as possible, that this new edition is not a reprint of the old work, with additions and improvements, but absolutely a new work, in which few passages of the former have been retained.' Printed for John Taylor, Waterloo-place, Pall-Mall, Bookseller and Publisher to the London University; and sold by James Duncan, 37, Paternoster-row; J. A. Hessey, Fleet-street; Hatchard and Son, Piccadilly; J. and J. Deighton, Cambridge; and Parker, Oxford.

In 1 vol. 8vo., price 16s. boards, **A GRAMMAR OF THE HEBREW LANGUAGE**, comprised in a Series of Lectures, compiled from the best Authorities, and augmented with much Original Matter, drawn principally from Oriental Sources; designed for the Use of Students in the Universities. Dedicated, by permission, to the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Lincoln, Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Cambridge. By the Rev. S. LEE, A.M., D.D. of the University of Halle; Honorary Member of the Asiatic Society of Paris; Honorary Associate and F.R.S.L. and M.R.A.S. &c. &c.; and Professor of Arabic in the University of Cambridge. Printed for James Duncan, 37, Paternoster-row.

In 1 vol. 8vo., price 18s. boards, **A HISTORY OF BRITISH ANIMALS**, exhibiting the descriptive Characters and systematic Arrangement of the Genera and Species of Quadrupeds, Birds, Reptiles, Fishes, Mollusca, and Radiata, of the United Kingdom; including the Indigenous, Extirpated, and Extinct Kinds, together with Periodical and Occasional Visitors. By JOHN FLEMING, D.D., F.R.S.E., M.W.S., &c., and Author of the 'Philosophy of Zoology.' Printed for Bell and Bradfute, Edinburgh; and James Duncan, 37, Paternoster-row.

PRINTS AND WORKS ON THE FINE ARTS, published by Robert Jennings.

YORK MINSTER.—TWO VIEWS, an Exterior and an Interior, of the CATHEDRAL OF YORK, from Drawings by MR. CHARLES WILD. R. Jennings intends publishing a series of subjects taken principally from the Cathedral of York, to each of which he has carefully etched, aquatinted, and coloured in imitation of the original Drawings, made on the spot by Mr. C. Wild; being intended to correspond, in style and execution, with his Select Specimens of Ecclesiastical Architecture in France. The subject will be limited to twelve or fourteen, and the Work will be continued with as much celerity as may be found compatible with a scrupulous attention to its execution.

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